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NEW FORMS OF SHORT FICTION.

The conditions under which the acted drama has been produced in different ages have come to be pretty well understood. The Greek theatres, however shattered and fragmental, have had their general dispositions made clear. Molière's data—his four trestles and a passion, along with a court audience—are fully comprehended. The Elizabethan stage, thanks to the studies of Mr. J. Brander Matthews and others, has issued from the dusk of conjecture—and from the deeper dusk of ignorance which did not even realize that there was anything in particular to conjecture about. It is now clearly understood that the details of playwriting and of play-producing have been greatly conditioned everywhere by the mere physical and mechanical means of publicity.

Some similar effort might be made on behalf of fiction,—ought to be made, in fact, if the character and aspect of much of the light reading of to-day is properly to be apprehended and appraised. How, in fact, have the modern equivalents for the choral altar and the inn courtyard, so to speak, made their influence felt? The fiction of the daily newspaper, of some of the weekly periodicals, even that of the "movies," will be seen in a different and juster light if the conditions governing publication are more clearly kept in view.

The serial published in monthly instalments somehow still holds its place. It seems the lineal descendant of those novels by Dickens and Thackeray which, during the '40's, first saw the light in monthly "parts." In days when the stately quarterlies held the first place in the public attention and esteem, the month did not seem a large unit of time. But the weekly and the daily have made the month a small eternity. The monthly serial still lumbers along, but its goal seems all the time to be the bound volume or book publication. In one of these forms the magazine serial reconquers, in this day of short-breathed haste, its interrupted continuity, overcomes the disjointing of its consecutiveness.

The most striking example of fiction con-

ditioned by method of publication is to be found in the daily press. This type of fiction concerns itself most with the hitches and drawbacks of married life. One distressful couple, with subordinate figures and occasional simple changes of scene, quite suffices. Marion and Wilbur appear daily, to the extent of a column or so. The wife may be flighty and extravagant, the husband grave and patient. Or Wilbur may be dogged, ungracious, inconsiderate, and Marion sensitive and plaintive. Thus through every week-day of the year, with each section of the story more or less independent and self-sufficing. You go off for a week to New York, or for a month to San Francisco, or for a year to the Pole, and when you return Marion and Wilbur are having instalments of their familiar jars on the familiar scale. This might be called the angleworm type of fiction: short, choppy lengths, each one of them intelligible and available without exact regard for the other lengths. The worm so finely cut up seldom reassembles himself—fails, in fact, to turn back for a well-rounded finish.

The chief objection to this type of fiction is that, in point of characterization, it is static. Anything like real development, like true evolution, is absent. Wilbur, if dour and selfish and inconsiderate in February, is found to be none the less so in August. Marion, however long-suffering when we left her in early summer, never reaches the point of open protest or rebellion by the end of December. The two creatures merely mark time, performing a shuffling dance that brings them no nearer a goal. Their manoeuvres lend some color to the claim that the journey itself, not the journey's end, is the main consideration in humanity's mundane experience. Another objection to this type of fiction is that it must be written—or is written—in a "style" to coalesce with that employed in adjacent columns—an undistinguished style for undistinguishing people. Yet literature is like enough to fail when it addresses an ideal reader: that is as bad as to write for posterity, or to write—as Charles Lamb once threatened to do—for antiquity. One must write for the public that exists in one's own day. If that public is long on heedlessness and short on taste.

Another form of fiction that is largely conditioned on publication at short intervals, for one definite body of readers, is the intermit-

tent serial founded on the doings and adventures of a single individual: the biographical type. This individual is frequently a detective, more important or less important, whose doings (or triumphs; they are the same) rest on a basis blandly ratiocinative or speciously scientific. Recently the central figure of such a series has come to be, with frequency, a woman—a girl who moves through Western scenes as a kind of brash, self-confident special providence; or an elderly woman (English preferred) who composedly circulates as a globe-trotter through the wild waste spaces of the earth and sets things right when the local authorities fail. The serious objection to this type of fiction is that it, too, is static. The protagonist has one established character that is never modified or developed. Again, he always "comes through"—must, indeed, come through, if the series is to continue. Thus an important element, that of uncertainty, is sacrificed. If the author, miscalculating the public's interest, or failing to maintain his own, kills off his leading personage, there is but one thing to do: he must revive him, put him on his legs and start him again on his course. Another objection is that the real interest gets to be transferred to the subordinate figures which must constantly be fed into the series; sometimes, even, to the new environments in which these figures function. So that the death of the protagonist, even if premature, is not always a calamity; particularly in a certain kind of detective story, where the two necessary rules seem to be: first, write backwards; second, avoid characterization. Yet the established type of character always has held, and always will hold, its own against new, fresh, authentic studies. Imbedded in a series of stories of the biographical sort, it holds its own and meets a real need.

A plausible but exasperating form of fiction is one which is encountered in certain weeklies and runs through three or four consecutive issues. It is pseudo-autobiographical in character and may be called the telescope type. It purports to be the intimate, detailed experiences of a single individual, reported by himself. If such a fiction is represented as coming from the hand of a successful professional man, a man whose success has enabled him to penetrate to scenes which the less successful, however avid, have been unable to reach, and if it professes to handle with exactness and

without reserves the financial details of the social advances of himself, wife, sons, and daughters, with what it all cost and how the cost was distributed,—then it is pretty certain to gain acceptance and vogue. Yet can anyone doubt that a fiction of this sort is a mere compilation, drawn from a dozen "careers" real or imagined? "Mere," however, is not the word for such extended industry and such far-flung inquiry—or invention—as must enter into the composition of a social study of this type. The experienced practitioner, though he detects readily enough the essential humbuggery of the scheme, cannot withhold admiration for the hand that cast the net so wide and composed its heterogeneous haul to such an effect of compactness and plausibility.

"The Gold Bug," such a fiction might be named. And what is to prevent others of like nature? "The Bird of Paradise," for example, might telescope the social experiences of a dozen brilliant daughters of the fortunate, behind whose reiterated "I's" stands perhaps a robust, sardonic young man. "The Drudge," written not on a kitchen table but in some scented boudoir, will epitomize for us, in a fashion not too open to the charge of faking, the concentrated domestic routine of a hundred weary wives and mothers in lowly circumstances. And weekly numbers will carry the second instalment over the land before the impression created by the first has had time to dim. And the third will follow the second.

The tourist serial, an elastic, peripatetic affair which may be called the Pullman type, does not call for much attention, though it appears to be growing in favor. I presume it stems largely from the Williamsons. A small group of people, preferably incongruous, shift along past varied backgrounds, scenic or historical. If these people, men and women alike, have an easy command of slang, or even of the jargon of the sporting column, they will not make reading any harder for their creator's clientèle, nor his success any the less. All this presupposes, of course, a newspaper public,—one reading quite in the newspaper spirit.

The movies may profess to rest on a pictorial basis, just as the opera professes to rest on a musical basis. But scenario, no less than libretto, has a literary aspect that conditions

fundamentally the whole work. The screen, indeed, by virtue of its many "leaders" and "inserts," bits of conversation, and facsimiles of letters and telegrams, is constantly concerned with literary expression. One would wish for "The Adventures of Anabel," for "Narrow-mindedness," and for "A Daughter of Heaven" an initial quality of thought that might make the enormous expenditure of time, effort, and money seem better justified. One inclines also to wish that the multitudinous bits of text thrown on the screen might be less pitifully awkward and illiterate. One might even suggest a literary adviser for the great producing studios, were it not for the fact that, to the masses, the second-rate is often more acceptable than the first-rate, and the further fact that, with minds of a certain calibre, finish abashes rather than gratifies.

About free verse as a new and practicable medium of fiction, I have already written in these pages. To the names of Masters, Frost, and Amy Lowell, in this field, may properly be added the name of Mary Aldis. Many of the pieces in her "Flashlights" are definitely called "Stories in Metre," and (however sharp-edged, bitter-tanged and disconcerting some of the themes may be) fully justify her title. They have a contemporaneity and an actuality that should not fail with a public whose chief reading is in the daily press, and yet possess qualities that make them acceptable on a different and higher plane.

To end with, these newer forms of fiction are conditioned not only by the vehicle of publication, but by the public state of mind and by the general average of public taste. If that improves, literature will improve in response. Yet why demand that it improve? To many persons art in all its forms is but a mere casual diversion. If one can enjoy what is currently placed before him, why put oneself out by trying to qualify for the enjoyment of something that would be sure to be different yet would not be sure to be more amusing? Recall the case of the two travelers who were once thrown together as room-mates. Number One, seeing Number Two busy with soap, tooth-brush, nail-file, and the like, exclaimed wonderingly, "How much trouble you must be to yourself!" But the best is not reached without travail. *Il faut souffrir pour être belle*—whether in body or in mind.

HENRY B. FULLER.

LORD DUNSANY: AN IMPRESSION.

If the French word *fantaisiste* best indicates the nature of Lord Dunsany's talent, it is not that his work is in any way alien to that imaginative revival which lies back of Ireland's literary renaissance. The fantasies of a James Stephens or a J. M. Synge are fundamentally related to those of Lord Dunsany, although the latter has chosen to invent his own mythology, instead of seeking his material in the field of Celtic legendary lore. W. B. Yeats confesses how his first impulse was to urge Dunsany to turn in that direction, "but even as I urged," he writes, "I knew that he could not, without losing his rich beauty of careless suggestion, and the persons and images that for ancestry have all those romantic ideas that are somewhere in the background of all our minds." To preserve the spontaneity of his mood it was essential that he should follow freely the promptings of his own amazing imagination.

It must be admitted, however, that Lord Dunsany is something of an enigma in contemporary Anglo-Irish literature. The man himself gives the impression of a contradiction in terms. Coming of an old, aristocratic family, Edward John Moreton Drax Plunkett, eighteenth Baron Dunsany, retains to some degree the traditional habits and characteristics of his class. He was educated at Eton, and became a lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards, adding an unsuccessful parliamentary contest as the final incident to a typical career. Of this phase Lord Dunsany bears the imprint, for his tall, athletic stature, fair hair, and military moustache of the same color, give him the air usually associated with the English officer in mufti. One could imagine him, correctly attired in the conventional silk hat and morning coat of Bond Street, passing undistinguished among his fellows at Epsom or Goodwood. In point of fact, Lord Dunsany is known as a cricketer and sportsman to many who know nothing of, and care nothing for, the poet that is in him. His is, as it were, a double life: on the one side, his activities in the world of sport and society; on the other, his adventures in the world of letters. For let it be understood that the immaculate, "clean-limbed Englishman" we have pictured does not correspond so much to what he is as to what, but for the grace of God, he might have become and remained.

Of his social existence as Lord Dunsany there is no doubt, nor any need to insist upon

it. But, just as in his personal appearance there is an element of carelessness betraying preoccupations not confined to the conventions, sartorial or other, so he fails, also, to conform intellectually to type. He is almost what he seems at first sight — but "not quite." There lingers about him some touch of the "Bohemian," an indefinable something suggestive of things not dreamed of in the philosophy of a lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards. One senses the presence of the other Dunsany, not the officer whose cricket parties at Dunsany Castle affirm the pursuits of his class, but the fantastic prose-poet familiar to literary Dublin, whose true contemporaries and friends are Yeats, "Æ," Padraic Colum, and James Stephens.

It was at an exhibition of "Æ's" pictures, a couple of years ago, that Lord Dunsany introduced to us the young poet, Francis Ledwidge, whom he had announced as his great "discovery," and whose "Songs of the Fields" recently appeared under his sponsorship. Striking indeed was the spectacle they presented on that occasion: Dunsany, tall, commanding, keenly interested in the paintings, and in the friends gathered together at the private view; Francis Ledwidge clinging timidly to the arm of his protector, and obviously ill at ease at finding himself suddenly the centre of interest in a group which would decide as to his admission into the ranks of Anglo-Irish poetry. But Dunsany moved about in blissful ignorance of the perturbation of the country boy at his side, pouring into the ear of "Æ" an enthusiastic story of the new poet's achievements, and of his adventurous progress, which ended in his facing the charge of witchcraft at the hands of the peasantry in Lord Dunsany's own county of Meath.

Who would have dreamed at that time of the cataclysmic changes which were to come upon the members of that circle? Before the poems of Ledwidge reached the general public, the European war had broken out, and he and his protector had enlisted in the same regiment. While the lance-corporal, Ledwidge, was drafted for service, one of his officers, Lord Dunsany, was destined to remain in Ireland long enough to face fire in circumstances of real tragedy. He was wounded in the street fighting during the week of the Irish rebellion in April. While there is no evidence that he actually came into direct conflict with Joseph Plunkett or Thomas MacDonagh, who were posted in different parts of the city, yet it was from the forces under

their command that he received his wound — fortunately a light one. To understand the poignant significance of this, it must be remembered that the executed poets were the successors of Padraic Colum in the editorship of "The Irish Review," which Dunsany had done so much to develop, and to the pages of which he contributed so many of his most remarkable stories. Associated as all these men were in a creative literary enterprise, they suffered the disruptive influences of the Great War, which dispersed, and in some cases, destroyed them.

The year 1906, which saw the defeat of Dunsany as the Conservative candidate for West Wiltshire, may be said to mark the beginning of his literary career. His first book, "The Gods of Pegana," appeared, it is true, in 1905, but passed almost unperceived by the reviewers and the general public. It is characteristic of Dunsany that the period immediately preceding his bid for parliamentary fame should have been occupied with the elaboration of that weird theogony. One suspects him of having drawn upon himself for the material of that delightfully contemptuous fable of politics, "The Day of the Poll," which was published a few years later in "A Dreamer's Tales." The poet in that story who seduces the voter from his duties as a citizen probably expresses Lord Dunsany's attitude toward the humbug of politics. It is obviously not the sort of narrative of the polls one would expect from a man who had himself come forward as a candidate for political office. The suspicion suggests itself that, in contesting West Wiltshire, he was merely doing half-heartedly what seemed to be the customary thing for one of his position and education.

It was in 1906 that Dunsany published his second series of mythological tales, "Time and the Gods," which has been followed, at intervals of two years, by "The Sword of Wel-leran," "A Dreamer's Tales," and "The Book of Wonder." These years of continuous literary activity have brought about a gradual but growing recognition of the author's powers as a story-teller, worthy to be ranked with Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, and comparable, in some of his later work, with Poe and Ambrose Bierce. His fame as a dramatist has helped, in a measure, to direct attention to the other writings of a man who possesses the most brilliant imagination in contemporary Irish prose.

ERNEST A. BOYD.

LITERARY AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

This winter has seen pass away in France several prominent writers and thinkers, the most prominent of them all being perhaps Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, the well-known political economist. His sudden death creates several vacancies,—a seat in the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences of the Institute of France, a chair in the College of France, the presidency of the French Society of Political Economy, and the editorial desk of the "Economiste Français," the able weekly which he founded in 1873. This last mentioned vacancy has already been filled. Professor André Liesse, of the Institute, took over the editorship in the second number following the death of the founder, and it is highly probable that he will succeed Leroy-Beaulieu at the College of France where he has often acted as the regular professor's substitute in the chair of political economy.

The following excellent estimate of Paul Leroy-Beaulieu as a political economist is taken from a letter to me from my friend, M. Daniel Bellet, Perpetual Secretary of the Society of Political Economy:

It can be said honestly and without any exaggeration that the four big volumes of Paul Leroy-Beaulieu's wonderful "Traité d'Economie Politique" embrace all that can be written on the subject. There is not a single question which he has not treated in that work; so when anybody sits down to write a volume on some subject in this field, he finds that most of the ideas which he would put into his book have already been considered by Leroy-Beaulieu. This was my own experience with three of my volumes. He has sometimes been criticized, very unjustly, I think, for having a tendency to vacillate, showing, for instance, a lack of decision in the matter of free trade and protection. But if you read his "Traité" carefully, you will find that he is absolutely broad-minded on this complicated question. He did wish to be, and ever tried to be, practical, desired to take into consideration contingencies, and hence it was that he always urged that one proceed with caution and adopt transitory measures if necessary. Every subject examined by Paul Leroy-Beaulieu was admirably studied and I fear it will be a long time before we can replace him.

In the same letter, M. Bellet says: "Always a most indefatigable writer, M. Leroy-Beaulieu was, when he died, engaged on a new edition of his works"; and I may add that his last book, published late this past autumn, was the second volume of "La Guerre" (Paris: Delagrave, 3 frs. 50), the collection of his articles on the war which appeared each week at the head of the columns of the "Economiste Français." The volume stops at the end of last July, and, like its predecessor, mentioned in THE DIAL last winter, covers just one year of the struggle.

It has not yet been decided whether a third volume will be issued. This would bring the history down to the beginning of last December, when Leroy-Beaulieu wrote his final article just four days before he died, a remarkable example of that unwearied intellectual activity which characterized his whole life.

There was an American side to Paul Leroy-Beaulieu that should interest us. He read English with ease, knew many Americans, and was a contributor to several of our best periodicals. Through his wife he had a peculiar attachment to the United States. She was the daughter of Michel Chevalier, the celebrated French free trader of the first half of the last century, who, with Richard Cobden, brought over the Second Empire to the Manchester School of thought. Chevalier went to the United States at the beginning of his career, and wrote at the end of the thirties a book on our transport system which attracted wide attention in Europe. Perhaps it is not too much to say that this was the first book after de Tocqueville's that again brought the United States before the eyes of the intelligent classes of France, at the moment when they were taking up the railway problem for resolution. Before this, Chevalier had gone off into Saint-Simonism, and among his correspondents at this time was the American Fourierist, Albert Brisbane, father of the present Arthur Brisbane. Unpublished letters of the elder Brisbane to Chevalier are to be found in the Saint-Simonian archives at the Paris Arsenal Library, and when Albert Brisbane, in his old age, visited the French capital in the eighties, he renewed with the son-in-law the early acquaintance begun with the father-in-law.

One of the best places in which to study Leroy-Beaulieu was the president's chair of the Society of Political Economy, which met for many years in the old Restaurant Durand, torn down some little time ago, when the society removed its Penates to the even more ancient Restaurant Cardinal, farther down the Boulevard. Here it was my privilege to see four very different men preside over these meetings. The venerable Frédéric Passy did it with a chill peculiar to French Protestants, who always seem to be on the defensive, a result perhaps of their stormy historic past. Emile Levasseur was more affable and inviting. Yves Guyot, with his leonine head, was always decisive and often even aggressive in both manner and speech. But Paul Leroy-Beaulieu seemed to combine all these qualities. He too had a striking head, reminding one a little of the bison's, which resemblance was increased when he would lean forward at

times and sway it from side to side. He could be, and was, in turn reserved and affable, inviting and decisive, but perhaps never aggressive; and when he summed up the evening's discussion, he did it with a clearness and authority vouched for by the attention and approval of the whole room,—always filled, especially when it was known that Leroy-Beaulieu was to preside, by leading thinkers and writers on economics, statistics, banking, and public affairs.

On the same day that Paul Leroy-Beaulieu died, another celebrated French thinker passed away,—Théodule Ribot, whom Gaston Rageot declares to have been "the creator of French psychology," and whom Professor Maurice Milloud, of the University of Lausanne, calls "one of the last survivors of that grand generation of savants who renewed the mentality of the nineteenth century." But perhaps what would have pleased him most among the kind words of admiring friends, was this statement from Professor Benrubi of Geneva University: "M. Ribot's periodical has not published, since the war began, a single article showing hatred of Germany, and the works of German authors have been treated, in the review articles, with the same objectivity as was shown before hostilities began." The periodical referred to is the "Revue Philosophique," now over forty years old. M. Félix Alcan, its publisher, tells me that "the new editor, Professor Lévy Bruhl, of the Sorbonne, was selected by M. Ribot himself as his successor." M. Pierre Janet, of the Institute and the College of France, and senior editor of the "Journal de Psychologie," another of M. Alcan's publications, writes me that much space in the next number of his bi-monthly will be devoted to M. Ribot, when among other things will be given one of Ribot's unpublished lectures; while an early number of the "Revue Philosophique" will contain an essay on Ribot's work by Professor Georges Dumas, of the Sorbonne, and junior editor of M. Janet's periodical. M. Janet continues: "Ribot has left quite a large number of manuscripts of unequal value. Those which are complete enough to be published will appear in the 'Revue Philosophique.'" His widow informs me that her husband was working on a study entitled "The Finalist Conception of History," but felt that an essay with such a title and of such a philosophical school could not be finished at such a time.

My own memories of Théodule Ribot centre round a spot peculiar to Paris and the like of which must be rare in any capital. I refer to that room on the second floor of M. Félix Alcan's publishing house in the Boulevard

Saint-Germain, which is the editorial office, at one and the same time, of the dozen learned periodicals of which M. Alcan is the energetic publisher. By means of a sort of Box and Cox arrangement, each of the twelve editors of these twelve different periodicals occupies this room on the morning or the afternoon of one day each week. So here one might see in the same cabinet, seated at the same desk and in the same easy-chair, but separately and alone, such totally dissimilar French intellectuals as Yves Guyot, Gabriel Monod, Dr. Louis Landouzy, Pierre Janet, Louis Escoffier, and Théodule Ribot, much as when an artist in his studio shows his sketches by inserting one after the other in the same frame,—in both instances an excellent manner of judging of the comparative merits of men or things. And now that I look back on that group of notable savants viewed in this way, I perceive in how many respects Théodule Ribot stood out the equal of any of them.

The death of another intellectual French personality, though of quite a different type from the two just mentioned, calls for a paragraph or so for several reasons.

Dr. Gérard Encausse, known to the Parisian adepts of the so-called occult sciences as Papus, "the grand master of contemporary occultism," as his publishers describe him, has left behind him a manuscript which has awakened considerable curiosity at this time.—"Ce que Diviendront nos Morts," which M. Jacques Brieu, the *chroniqueur* on esotericism and psychic sciences of the "Mercure de France," tells me will not come out until the spring.

But perhaps the most interesting circumstance, at least to the public, in connection with Dr. Papus is his publishers, their catalogue, and the evidence which it gives of the wide-spread attention paid in France to these unsatisfactorily explained human mysteries. The Durville Brothers, 23 rue Saint Merri, Paris, who have issued over a dozen books by Papus, some of them costing ten francs, a high price for a French volume, print a list of all their publications, affirming that their house is the most important in the world on the subjects of spiritualism, magnetism, hypnotism, somnambulism, telepathy, theosophy, astrology, alchemy, cartomancy, graphology, clairvoyance, etc.; and they certainly present a most extensive and original collection of books and pamphlets, with, in most cases, full explanatory notes appended, the whole thing offering a mass of curious and often amusing facts and comments. Scattered among living writers on these subjects, you find the names of Paracelsus, William

Blake, Allan Kardec, Strindberg, and other eccentric minds among the dead.

A colleague of Leroy-Beaulieu and Ribot at the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, M. Louis Leger, has recently published two or three noteworthy short studies bearing on the situation in the Near East. M. Leger is an authority in France on the Balkans. "Les Luites Séculaires des Germains et des Slaves" (Paris: Maisonneuve, 1 fr.) should be read, especially for its second part, which has to do with "the Slavonic peoples and German intrigues," where we learn that when, some years ago, newly freed Bulgaria was looking for a ruler, M. Leger entertained the mission in Paris and urged them to select as chief of state a native Bulgarian and to establish a republic. If this radical but very sensible advice had been followed, the whole situation in the Balkans would probably now be very different from what it is.

In the most interesting portion of this essay the venerable savant calls upon some scholar "younger and more patient than I" to undertake a work which would be nothing less than a history of the Slavs in their relations with the Germans. "I am not sure," says M. Leger, "whether a single worker could accomplish this big task. But it might be done under the auspices of the Academy of Petrograd in connection with the Czech Academy and the Polish Academy of Cracow."

In a recent address before his own academy, M. Leger again refers to Russian learned circles and calls attention to an act that stands out well amid the many dark things of the present war. I quote a few passages from the manuscript text of this speech which M. Leger has sent me:

The Russian government had the happy idea of attaching to the army operating in Asiatic Turkey a scientific mission charged with the preservation of all things relating to art, letters, and history. At the head of this mission was placed Mr. F. J. Ouspensky, formerly director of the Russian Archaeological Institute at Constantinople, whose work at Trebizond has been remarkably successful. It appears that the bombardment of the city did not last long and did very little harm to the public edifices; and as soon as the Russians entered, severe measures were taken to prevent pillaging of the mosques. All precious objects were deposited in places of safety, and all the Greek monuments and libraries were put under the special protection of the bishops, who were held responsible for their preservation. The mosques, which had been installed in the ancient Christian churches, were closed to the public and then thoroughly examined by expert archaeologists, with many happy results. Especial attention was given to the grandiose ruins of the imperial palace and to three churches, particularly to Hagia Sophia, which had long ago been transformed into a mosque. Here the discoveries were very interesting. Frescoes were brought to light which the Mussulmans had covered with a layer of plaster, and when the wooden flooring was taken up, fine mosaics

were revealed. It appears that these frescoes show tendencies in mediæval art not known up to the present time. Mr. Ouspensky has also secured a certain number of rare manuscripts and books, which he has already deposited in the Asiatic Museum at Petrograd. The complete results of this mission will be given later in a special publication illustrated with photographs.

M. Daniel Bellet, whom I quoted at the beginning of this article, has just brought out a volume that American manufacturers should be interested in. "*Le Commerce Allemand*" (Paris: Plon, 3 frs. 50) shows what German trade was before the war, how it was built up, and what it will probably be after the war. The book contains many references to our business methods and prospects, and dwells at some length on a tour of observation which Edison made in Germany in 1911 "to see how they did it."

In connection with M. Bellet's book one might read also the second volume of "*La Guerre*" (Paris: Félix Alcan, 3 frs. 50), which well presents the whole economic and industrial activity of France during the war, an admirable presentation given in the form of a series of interesting lectures delivered at Paris by French specialists such as Daniel Zolla, Joseph Chailley, André Liesse, and others.

These economic questions, at least so far as France is concerned, are well summed up in this extract from a letter which M. André Siegfried, professor at the Paris School of Political Sciences, sent me with his latest book:

I think the outcome of the present conflict will be to put Europe, and especially France, in an economic and moral position more and more like that of the United States and the new countries. The huge consumption of wealth will have destroyed or diminished many of the existing fortunes. Instead of living on their income, the French will have to rely on their work. Increasing salaries will correspond to higher cost of living, and as many things will have to be started anew, the possibilities for the workingman or for anybody desirous of laboring will be great. But the position of the old *rentier*, the independent bondholder, will be difficult. I hope, however, that despite this transformation, France will be able to remain an intellectual country and devote a great part of its energy to art and intellectual work. The French should not forget that science, art, and brain-work are also capital and a source of power for a nation. The basis of the power and influence of a country cannot be exclusively material.

The book which I referred to above is "*Deux Mois en Amérique du Nord*" (Paris: Colin, 2 frs.), M. Siegfried having been in the United States, Alaska, and Canada during June and July, 1914, when he hastened home to join the army. He has been acting since as an interpreter with the British heavy artillery in Flanders.

THEODORE STANTON.

February 24, 1917.

CASUAL COMMENT.

AN OCTOGENARIAN AUTHOR'S HONORS have seldom, perhaps never, been so well earned and so liberally bestowed as those that have just been paid to Mr. Howells by friends and admirers far and near on the completion, in health and activity, of his eightieth year. Like Edward Everett Hale before him, he was cradled in the sheets of the paternal newspaper, which, as in the Hale instance also, was very much a family possession and a family pride. In that little printing office in southwestern Ohio the boy Howells breathed the atmosphere of types and presses, and, as he relates in his "*Impressions and Experiences*," the familiar odor has ever since stirred him with emotion. In a passage interesting for several reasons, he further says: "The greatest event of our year was the publication of the President's Message, which was a thrill in my childish life long before I had any conception of its meaning. I fancy that the patent inside, now so universally used by the country newspapers, originated in the custom which the printers within easy reach of a large city had of supplying themselves with an edition of the President's Message, to be folded into their own sheet, when they did not print their outside on the back of it." The rich story of Mr. Howells's life has been so well told by himself, in several memorable volumes, that not even an outline is called for here. Both he and his readers are to be congratulated on his remarkable retention, at four-score, of the vigor and the skill, the life and grace and all the nameless subtleties of style, that early marked him as a writer of force and distinction. The charm and humor and the playful handling of detail that delighted us in "*The Lady of the Aroostook*" still captivate in "*The Leatherwood God*."

THE LAST OF THE CONCORD IMMORTALS, the famous band that included Emerson, Thoreau, Alcott, and Ellery Channing, has passed from earth with the death on the 24th of February of Mr. Frank B. Sanborn at the home of his son in Westfield, New Jersey. Mr. Sanborn was born at Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, December 15, 1831; was graduated from Harvard in 1855; became secretary of the Massachusetts State Kansas Committee in the following year; and from that time his activities in politics, and in journalism and literature and on the lecture platform, made him a conspicuous figure, especially in New England, and more particularly in and about Boston. In Concord, where he fixed his domicile early in life, he had long been

prominent, and it was a source of satisfaction to him to be able to recall his intimacy with Emerson and Alcott, Thoreau and the poet Channing, each of whom he made the subject of a biography in his later years when these and other friends and associates were passing in rather rapid succession out of his circle, leaving him to uphold alone the Concord tradition. With Alcott and W. T. Harris he founded the famous Concord School of Philosophy, of which he says, in characteristic vein, in his autobiographical reminiscences: "There was much scoffing outside, of course, some of it among the Harvard circles, where is a greater power of turning up the nose at what is beyond its round O, than exists anywhere — [else] on earth — unless at Oxford, among persons of vaster special learning. In Concord itself there were many jests, few of them good ones, and a bitterness of feeling in some instances which divided families." Of Mr. Sanborn's published works, the offices he held at various times, the movements he aided, and the honors that came to him, the tale is too long for this place. In the standard books of reference it will all be found duly set forth.

THE JOHN CASSELL CENTENARY, celebrated a few weeks ago by the great London publishing house bearing his name, recalls some of the good old books issued under the Cassell imprint and endeared by their sterling worth to thousands of readers. Founders of great publishing houses, such men for example as Archibald Constable, John Murray, Daniel Appleton, James Harper, and Charles Scribner, commonly leave an enduring stamp on the enterprises started by them. Thus the Cassell methods and policies show to-day the influence of him whose boyhood was spent in the cotton mills of Manchester, and who there acquired a familiarity with the workingman's literary needs that governed him later, to a great extent, in determining the kind of books he should offer to the public. From his press, accordingly, came the pioneer series of inexpensive reprints, retailed at sevenpence the volume and including standard works in history, biography, and science. "John Cassell's Library" has had a very wide sale, as has also "Cassell's Popular Educator," a penny encyclopedia, in serial form, adapted to the humble reader's needs and comprehension. "The Magazine of Art," established in 1851, has done much to popularize what is best in the fine arts. "Cassell's National Library," edited by Professor Henry Morley, comprised 214 volumes, sold at threepence each, a record never since equalled in good and cheap book-production, and attained a circulation of

nearly eight million volumes. From *La Belle Sauvage* (as the house of Cassell fantastically calls itself) have appeared such masterpieces as Stevenson's "Treasure Island," Quiller-Couch's "Dead Man's Rock," Rider Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines," Traill's "Social England," Farrar's "Life of Christ," and notable works by Barrie, Conan Doyle, Grant Allen, Stanley Weyman, and other eminent authors.

INDEXING EXTRAORDINARY, indexing carried to the utmost limit of possibility, seems to be among the achievements standing to the credit of the Seattle Public Library. In an issue of its alert little "Library Poster" there is a short article on "Library Service to Business Men," in which occurs this announcement, in accents of justifiable pride: "We have the departments, the assistants, and the books, pamphlets, magazines, newspapers, and other materials, arranged and indexed in such a manner that a vast amount of information on a thousand practical subjects is almost immediately available to any business man who is willing to state his problem and to do whatever reading his case may require." To arrange and index library departments and, more difficult still, library assistants, is a refinement of library economy that has probably never before been attempted, much less accomplished. A complete index, or alphabetical table of contents, to a corps of library assistants must indeed be a triumph of the cataloguer's art.

AN AUTHOR'S CONFESSION of his literary likes and dislikes is often illuminating. Walter Pater enjoyed Stevenson, but was afraid to read him lest the Stevensonian manner should affect his own style. This was characteristic of Pater's preciosity and provokes a smile. Most writers like to read authors of their own kind, just as most actors enjoy a good performance by other actors, and artists are frequent visitors at art galleries. Mark Twain, in an unpublished letter to Richard Watson Gilder, dated May 16 [1886], makes a confession that one might not have expected from the author of "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn," "The Gilded Age," and "Joan of Arc." He says: "If it be a confession, then let me confess—to wit: (1) All the romance which I have read in twenty years would not overcrowd a couple of crown octavo volumes." Then follows, as the second item of the confession: "All the poetry which I have read in twenty years could be put between the lids of one octavo. I do not read anything but history and biography, etc." This fragment, it should be added, is quoted from the inter-

esting catalogue of literary wares issued by Schulte's bookstore, New York, and the value placed on the precious bit of manuscript, all in the humorist's own hand, is \$35.

. . .

CENSORSHIP IN HOLLAND may safely be assumed to lack much of the strictness prevailing across the border in either direction; but a significant hint as to the situation is found in a letter, interesting for other reasons also, from a young Belgian refugee to the equally young editor of one of our school papers. The Belgian boy had been asked for a literary contribution. He thus replied, from Harderwijk, Holland: "I well receive your nice card and postcard. Many thanks. I see you enjoy you well. . . Now here our situation is always the same. We attend peace or war here. Heaven give that soon war is over!! and all may return home. For a story of mine over war, it is not sure that censor will permit it. Your sincerely Belgium boy, Jos. Vandenbergh." . . .

BOOKS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN, but for the sifting process carried on, day after day, month after month, and year after year, by some hundreds or perhaps thousands of publishers' readers, form a stupendous total that is seldom even remotely conceived of by those book-weary persons who complain of the already superabundant plentitude of our annual literary harvest. From the recent confessions of a publisher's reader who entertainingly imparts some of his experiences in a contribution to the New York "Evening Post," it appears that five book-manuscripts a day is no unusual record for a large publishing house; that is, about fifteen hundred are received in the course of a year, and out of this mountain of manuscript perhaps fifteen books may eventually take shape. If a single house annually spares the public the infliction of 1485 more or less worthless books, how many are held up in the entire country—in the entire world! The brain reels at the thought of the multitude of books that might have been. Every six months, says the authority here referred to, there comes to hand the inevitable treatise on the fourth dimension, or on making gold from sea-water, or on utilizing moonlight for running dynamos, or on Pope Joan or Prester John. He might have added the ever-recurrent dissertations on perpetual motion, the squaring of the circle, and the flatness of the earth. The number of things not so, that the credulous world is saved from learning by the long-suffering publisher's reader is beyond calculation.

COMMUNICATIONS.

REALISTIC HISTORY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

With something akin to astonishment, I read in "Collier's Weekly" the other day an atrabilious attack, in the most approved style of forcible-feeble sarcasm, upon the author of a book review in THE DIAL. With ignorance incredible, if it be not fine assumption, the writer in "Collier's Weekly," under the caption "History," holds up for national condemnation and obloquy the "modest critic," and in the true spirit of the discoverer pronounces with bated breath the "unknown" name of William E. Dodd!

Let me say—not for the enlightenment of the crassly ignorant writer in "Collier's Weekly," but for the sake of expressing the prevailing opinion among students of our national history, professional and lay—that there is no more graphic expositor and astute critic of the American people, as manifested in the growth and development of our institutions on the political and economic side, than Professor Dodd. In his writings, forceful in expression and reliable as to fact, he unflinchingly sets himself the task of portraying the actual conditions, industrial and economic, as well as social, political, and cultural, under which this country has come to be what it is and taken on certain of the characteristics and attributes of a nation. Beneath the surface manifestation of the life of the people, upon which his fancy often lightly plays, we are made pervasively conscious of the great tides of economic interest, of social thrust, and of industrial causation, which have propelled consolidated masses of the people at every period of our history. In dealing with the various sectional interests of the country, he has accepted facts with the utmost sang-froid; and, what is even more remarkable, has drawn from these facts the chilling lessons, so deadly to romance and hero-worship, which they convey and compel.

One need only read Professor Dodd's concise biography of Nathaniel Macon, leader in Congress for many years, the intimate of Jefferson and Randolph of Roanoke, to see the fine touch of the Leipzig scholar and to sense the historic realism of the handling. Both in his penetrating "Life of Jefferson Davis," in which he endeavors with utmost sincerity to draw the conclusions which facts impose, and in his brilliant, if somewhat ruthless, "Statesmen of the Old South," he presents in a clear and searching light the fine flowers of exhaustive research at the source; and, whether one agrees with his conclusions or no, certainly one must face them and swallow them—or devise a new historical pattern coinciding with the facts at a greater number of points than does the ingenious design executed by Professor Dodd.

As exponent of this new school of historical writing,—the School of Beard and Farrand,—Professor Dodd has edited, and written one of the four volumes of, the "Riverside History of

the United States." At the time of their appearance, I reviewed these volumes at great length, and pronounced this history the best and most readable account, in brief compass, of our national development—economic and political—which I had ever seen. This opinion I now repeat, with emphasis. It is the first realistic handling of our national development; and Professor Dodd's volume, "Expansion and Conflict," is the only thoroughly impartial study of the force of sectional interest in our national development that exists. Men of the mental cast of Professor Dodd herald a new era in historical writing in this country; and they purport to present the facts in truer atmosphere and juster perspective, since they disclaim the influence of the ulterior motive, of the *arrière-pensée*, in their writings. Professor Dodd looks beneath the personal utterance of the statesman to the social will, the economic impulse, underlying that utterance; and thus views American politics in the light of communal and sectional self-interest. "Public men generally determine what line of procedure is best for their constituents, or for what are supposed to be the interests of their constituents, and then seek for 'powers' or clauses in state or federal constitutions which justify the predetermined course." Animated by such a principle, Professor Dodd has gone scientifically about his task of deracination—uprooting many a cherished tradition and presenting it, reeking, to our not undisturbed gaze. To many causes, to many individuals, this relentless iconoclasm does realistic violence; but it throws open the window of truth and lets in a breath of freedom on the rays of revelation. With the logic of the major premise of his work, quoted above, Professor Dodd proceeds relentlessly upon the assumption that the classic issues, so dear to us from the days of our childhood, when the romantic glamour of patriotism and exalted purity surrounded the cherished figures in the American pantheon, were *ex post facto* excuses invented by the sections themselves to mask the real motives of the struggle, which lay deep in the social and economic wills of these conflicting and hostile sections. This new view of our history, with its disclosure of sectional interests, material motives, and economic impulses, must be reckoned with, with a realistic frankness commensurate with that of the exponent of this new view. The economic interpretation of American history is only one of the many interpretations which may be advanced to explain the development of our nation and the growth of our institutions, but so able and distinguished an exponent of this mode of viewing the evolution of the United States as Professor William Edward Dodd can only be challenged by a historian of his own calibre. The writer in "Collier's Weekly" achieves with extraordinary success the by no means difficult task of making himself ridiculous.

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON.

Chapel Hill, North Carolina, February 17, 1917.

MEXICO.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In your issue of December 28, 1916, there is a review of "What's the Matter with Mexico?" in the column "Briefs on New Books."

In the course of this review the writer says: "He attempts a brief historical introduction that is neither clear nor accurate"; and again "One may question the accuracy of his figures."

As accuracy is the one thing I sought above all others in the writing of that memorandum on Mexican conditions, I shall be obliged to your reviewer if he will point out to me wherein and in what manner I have failed.

I ask your indulgence in passing this on and assure you of my desire for the information.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

Bronxville, N. Y., February 12, 1917.

The criticisms to which Mr. Whitney objects refer principally to pages 7 to 18 inclusive of his little book. I feel that he has over-emphasized the word *cuartilazo*. No single phrase of the sort will serve to characterize Mexican affairs at any period. On page 8, Mr. Whitney refers to an attempt at freedom preceding that of Hidalgo by two years. His reference is not clear, and if he has in mind the series of events that led up to the deposition of the viceroy, Iturrigaray, it is misleading. The brief statements regarding Hidalgo's capture and execution, and the fate of Morelos require much more explanation to be intelligible. Santa Anna may have been as instrumental in the overthrow of Iturbide as the author indicates, but he did not work so openly as he implies. On the other hand, he had a greater part in the events of the following twenty years than appears from the text. References to a "native historian" would be more satisfying if his name, at least, appeared. Bustamante looms up more largely than his career warrants. The church did not cease to direct affairs with the success of the revolution but continued, with the army, to play a conspicuous part in contemporary politics to the death of Maximilian. It would have been possible to add a brief paragraph showing that still other motives besides the clerical and military influenced the Mexican life of that period. As for statistics concerning Mexico's population, one may choose from a wide variety of estimates ranging from Humboldt's to those of Professor Frederick Starr, and a careful writer will not content himself with merely one set of figures.

The above constitute some of the points that create in my mind the impression of inaccuracy. Others, I find, agree with me.

I. J. COX.

University of Cincinnati, February 20, 1917.

MR. WELLS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Is it a legitimate function of THE DIAL to give space to a propaganda of atheism, like the leading article of a recent number, under the guise of a criticism of Mr. Wells's book? Christianity is too well established to be treated with sneer and an

assumption of matter-of-course inferiority in a form of literary debate. There are publications and publishers suitable for the use of writers of ethical and religious polemic. I think that in the pages of *THE DIAL* the agnostic should not be challenged by any particular assertion of Christian doctrine, and I feel sure that the Christian should not be insulted by attacks upon his faith, which inspires some of the best literature of the world. It seems to me almost to justify an apology in *THE DIAL* itself.

ERVING WINSLOW.

Boston, Mass., February 10, 1917.

TEN "REAL" WAR BOOKS.
(To the Editor of *THE DIAL*.)

He is convalescing from an attack of poison gas: a slow, hard pull. His hospital is near Paris, and he is a lieutenant of infantry who has fought both on the Somme and at Verdun. Since the gas got into his lungs, he has had plenty of time to read war books for a few hours each day; and because in peace-time he is himself a bibliophile and publisher, I am inclined to value his opinions.

"I will tell you," he volunteers, "the real war books—the books that will give you, not the traditional *poilu*, but the *poilu* as he really is. These are the only books in French that represent *our* war—the war I know about. If you read some of these books, you will see things with a soldier's eyes. But we of the firing line cannot take most of the war books very seriously." This is his list of exceptions: "*L'Armée de la Guerre*," by Capitaine Z. (Payot); "*Dixmude*," by Charles le Goffic (Plon); "*La Guerre, Madame*," by Paul Géraudy (Crès). In English translation—"The War, Madame"—published by Charles Scribner's Sons; "*Méditations dans la Tranchée*," by Lieutenant R. (Payot); "*Cinq Prières du Temps de la Guerre*," by Francis Jammes (Librairie de l'Art Catholique); "*Gaspard*," by René Benjamin (Fayard). In English translation, published by Brentano; "*L'Argot des Tranchées*," by L. Saineav (Fontenoy); "*Ma Pièce*," by Paul Lintier (Plon); "*Les Vagabonds de la Gloire*," by René Milan (Plon); "*Sur la Voie Glorieuse*," by Anatole France (Champion).

Himself a publisher, my lieutenant includes only one of his own books in this list. All the same, he tells me that he is issuing more books than usual this season—books in all fields, but especially in philosophy and linguistics and other learned subjects remote from the war.

"Probably I'll lose money," says he, "but that doesn't matter much. The essential thing is that we Frenchmen should show the world that we do not cease to be civilized, even when obliged to fight very hard for our civilization."

My lieutenant's list of books expresses a strong tendency toward works of a religious nature, though he shows his catholicity by naming first on his list a book by a writer whose wife charms the audiences of the Metropolitan Opera in New York. I have not read either of the books I am about to name, but another friend of mine, to whom

I have shown the list given above, protests against the omission of "*Lettres d'un Soldat*" (Chapelet) and Gaston Riou's "*Journal d'un Simple Soldat*" (Hachette). Incidentally, I doubt if my lieutenant's list of the best recent books would have included so many works of a mystical or pseudo-devotional temper, had he been drawing one up, say, in 1913. But then, not so many were being published in that year!

"*Gaspard*," by René Benjamin, is the story of a snail vendor in the rue de la Gaité, Paris. But snail vendors, too, were mobilized, so *Gaspard* goes to war. . . . According to the Abbé Ernest Dimnet, "it is such a vivid piece of literature that undoubtedly it will be used as a document by future historians with as much reason as '*La Chartreuse de Parme*.'" "*The poilu*," maintains the Abbé, "lives in those rich pages, unblurred by any interference of literary or poetic embellishment." Yet "*Gaspard*" is not a favorite with some French soldiers of my acquaintance. They say it expresses less of the France of to-day than of the ante-bellum republic and the earlier tradition of heroism. ("*Gaspard*" was written while the war was young.) Perhaps M. Benjamin has been a victim of too much praise.

He has been labelled by silly persons "the French Kipling"! But Mr. Edmund Gosse, admitting that the book contains "whole pages of Parisian slang," adds that it "arouses the same sensation on the Thames as on the Seine." While the Abbé Dimnet, in the London "*New Witness*," affirms that "not only the slang, but also the *bouquet* of it, baffles both description and translation." Yet an essay has been made at translation.

So far as I know, only two of the other books on my lieutenant's list have, as yet anyway, been translated. One of the books translated is the poet Charles le Goffic's account of the self-sacrificing Breton marines at Dixmude, and of how two regiments of them held off 40,000 Germans for ten days. This heroic tale, "*The Epic of Dixmude*," has been issued by Heinemann. Some would classify "*Gaspard*" as the only out-and-out piece of fiction on the list given above, though obviously young M. Géraudy's book has much of the value of fiction. Perhaps M. Benjamin's books—for he has written a later one, "*Sous le Ciel de France*," a veritable revelation of war-time France behind the front, a comprehensive view of men and women, soldiers and civilians—are, with his friend M. Géraudy's, the most French of them all. Certainly they reveal the brave and stoical spirit of the Republic more richly, and more realistically, too, than many more pretentious excursions into psychology and romance. I am especially struck by the intellectual honesty of M. Géraudy, his typically French horror of heroics. M. Géraudy is only thirty-one years of age. His untranslated poems have something of the charm of Musset's own. To-day, he too, like M. Benjamin, wears the uniform, though no longer at the actual front.

RENÉ KELLY.

New York, February 28, 1917.

POETRY IN AMERICA.

ANTHOLOGY OF MAGAZINE VERSE, 1916. By William Stanley Braithwaite. (Laurence J. Gomme; \$1.75.)

Like the poor, Mr. Braithwaite's "Anthology" is always with us: a year has passed, another myriad or so of magazines has fallen from the press, and once more Mr. Braithwaite has scoured them all, and gives us the result in these one hundred and eighty-four pages. What new thing can be said of it? It does not change. It is six pages shorter than last year; it selects for special praise only fifteen, instead of thirty-five, books of verse,—both of which abridgments are for the better. But whether through inability or unwillingness, Mr. Braithwaite seems no nearer learning that there can be little excuse for an anthology which does not select. Once more we have the clarion preface (a clarion uncertainly played) proclaiming that the present era of American poetry is to be compared with the Elizabethan and other great eras; a solemn catalogue of names held illustrious; and once more the verse itself follows on this with a harshly negative answer.

Is there any use in merely abusing Mr. Braithwaite for the many inaccuracies and hasty superficialities in his preface—for his cool assertion that Mr. Pound is the idol of those nimble acrobats who whirl and tumble through the pages of "Others"; that "Poetry" is Mr. Pound's organ of radicalism; that Mr. Kreymer is the one poet produced by the "Others" group, or Miss Amy Lowell the one poet produced by the Imagist group; or that Masters, Frost, Oppenheim, Robinson, and Miss Branch dominate each a group-tendency? We have learned, I hope, to expect this sort of thing, and to discount it. We know that the affair is not so simple as this. We watch Mr. Braithwaite sliding over the smooth surface, and smile. But none the less, if we are to help poetry at all in this wilderness, we cannot rest content with amusement. Mr. Braithwaite is a standing warning to us that we must keep our wits about us; if every word that falls from Mr. Braithwaite's lips is a pearl of eulogy, we on our part must be prepared to utter toads of censure.

It is difficult to compare one of these anthologies with another. The editor professes to see an improvement, to be sure, but if there is any, it is unimportant. What we can say clearly is that this year's volume, like last year's, is for the most part filled with the jog-trot of mediocrity. One must wade through pages and pages of mawkishness, dullness, artificiality, and utter emptiness to come upon the simple dignity of Mr. Fletcher's

"Lincoln" (marred by a faintly perfumed close), or the subdued, colloquial tenderness of Mr. Frost's "Home-Stretch," or the sinister pattern of "The Hill-Wife," or Miss Lowell's delicately imagined "City of Falling Leaves." What else stands out? Here and there are pleasant lines, stanzas, poems,—but for the most part one gets an impression of amateurishness, of simply lines and lines and lines, all of them a little conscious of the fact that they are iambic, or dactylic, or anapaestic, or trochaic, or prose, all of them a little uneasy about their rhymes, their ideas, or the appalling necessity of somehow coming to an end. Here we have poets who, with quaint solemnity, tell us of "minstrelsy as rich as wine, as sweet as oil," who "parley" with stars, or confess to having "tears of awful wonder" run "adown" their cheeks, or describe the song of the swallows as their "spill," or proclaim themselves "cousin to the mud," or ask us to "list!" when they mean listen; and it is left to Mr. Untermeyer to reach the height of bathos in asking

God, when the rosy world first learned to crawl
About the floor of heaven, wert thou not proud?

What is one to say to all this—this inane falsifying and posturing, this infantile lack of humor or ordinary intelligence? How does it happen that it is only a scant dozen times in the course of these 184 pages that we find anything like a profound approach to the problems of our lives, or a serene and proportioned understanding of them, or a passionate rebellion at them, or anything, in fact, but clutters of thin sentiment, foolishly expressed, and dusty concatenations of petty irrelevancies? Is it Mr. Braithwaite's fault; or is it because we have nothing better to offer? Is there, then, any poetry being written in this country which we can hopefully put beside the recent work of the English poets—the work of Lascelles Abercrombie, Wilfrid Gibson, Walter de la Mare, or Massey? I think we can make an affirmative answer; and in so doing, of course, we condemn at once the method employed by Mr. Braithwaite in the compilation of his yearly anthology.

For, as has already been said many times to Mr. Braithwaite, it is comparatively seldom that any of our magazines print poetry. Of verse, to be sure,—free or formal,—they print any amount: they are stifled with it. In some measure they have tried to respond to the wave of enthusiasm for poetry which has risen in America during the last three years, but they have proved pathetically inadequate. What, after all, could they do? Magazines can thrive only by reaching the greatest possible number. And the one essential rule for reaching the greatest possible number is to

hold fast to tradition, whether ethical or literary, to avoid anything even remotely in the nature of subversion; or, if it becomes necessary through competition to advance, to advance with the utmost caution. Then, too, there are the editors. Editors are perennially, historically, middle-aged. Their radicalisms, if they ever had any, are always recalled as youthful indiscretions. Their ideas were formed twenty years ago, and it is not strange that they should rebel violently at all changes, bad and good. The formal sonnet, sprinkled with "thou's" and "thee's" and exclamatory "O's," preferably calling upon the spirit of a nation, or addressed to a dead poet, or anything else dead, is to them the supreme gift. The exalted ode, clanking in conceited mail, pressing with horrible Latin-oid feet upon the forlornest of old ghosts of ideas, is a close second. And after these come the numberless hosts of the ephemeral sentimental,—all that we have been taught to consider good and true, brave and sweet.

It becomes apparent, therefore, that if we are to find poetry in America to-day we must look for it outside the magazines—in books. And this, of course, is where we do find it, such as it is. There can be no question that had Mr. Braithwaite composed his anthology from books, instead of from magazines, it could have been one thousand per cent better. It is not certain that Mr. Braithwaite could have done it, to be sure, for Mr. Braithwaite is not by endowment a critic: the evidence before us in this "Anthology" for 1916 is dumbly to the effect that Mr. Braithwaite is incredibly indiscriminating. What else can we say of the man who in his list of the fifteen best books of the year (we hope that next year it will be five!) omits Fletcher's "Goblins and Pagodas," Masfeld's "Good Friday," Masters's "The Great Valley," de la Mare's "The Listeners," William H. Davies's "Poems," the second "Imagist Anthology," Kreymborg's "Mushrooms," and Sandburg's "Chicago Poems," while he includes the very inferior "Songs and Satires" of Masters, "War and Laughter" by James Oppenheim, "Harvest Moon" by Josephine Preston Peabody, and other works by Bliss Carman, Adelaide Crapsey, Amelia Burr, Charles Wharton Stork, and Rabindranath Tagore? This is the plainest sort of critical blindness. It is here not a question of being conservative or radical—it is a question of good taste. A study of these juxtapositions will make it only too painfully clear.

If we are to take seriously, therefore, Mr. Braithwaite's enthusiasms over contemporary American poetry, as expressed in his preface, and in his critical summaries at the end of

his volume, we begin to realize that he has damaged his case at the outset by restricting himself to such verse as gets into the magazines. It must be obvious to anyone that any such selection does our poets a serious injustice: it is not, and in the nature of things cannot be, fairly representative of our best. The basic principle is wrong. For that we have poets now who deserve to be taken seriously, even if they are not Shakespeares, there certainly can be far less question than there was even two years ago. In two years how much has happened! In the autumn of 1914, Miss Lowell and Mr. Vachel Lindsay first made themselves clearly heard. In the spring of 1915, one after another, came the first "Imagist Anthology," Masters's "Spoon River," Frost's "North of Boston," Fletcher's "Irradiations." And in 1916, a year in which for the first time in our literary history more volumes of poetry and drama were published than of any other class, we saw the publication of Fletcher's "Goblins and Pagodas," the second "Imagist Anthology," the "Others Anthology," Sandburg's "Chicago Poems," Kreymborg's "Mushrooms," Masters's "Songs and Satires" and "The Great Valley," Amy Lowell's "Men, Women, and Ghosts," Frost's "Mountain Interval," and Robinson's "Man Against the Sky." Of all these, Edwin Arlington Robinson is the only one who clearly reaches back into the period before 1914. Of the others, nearly all had been writing, and one or two had tentatively published; but in the main they are poets who have reached their maturity within two years.

What are we to say of these poets, and of their poetry? No mortal, of course, can say finally, "this is good and will endure"; or "this is bad and will perish." Any opinion must be personal, rooted in profound and for the most part unconscious predilections and prejudices, obscured with biases of friendship or the opposite, confused with questions of social, ethical, or philosophical character; and my own opinion, quite as much as Mr. Braithwaite's, is a ganglion of just such factors, and just as much to be guarded against and discounted. But having made this candid confession of our all-too-humanness, let us be candid in our opinions also.

To begin with, we must face squarely the unpleasant fact that, both in and out of the public press, we have been very seriously overestimating the work of contemporary poets: enthusiasm for poetry, and an intense and long-suppressed desire to see it flourish in America, have played the deuce with our judgments. In too many cases the wish has been father to the thought. Not only have we

been indiscriminating, applauded the false as loudly as the true, but we have persisted in a sort of wilful blindness to the many and obvious faults of even our best. Bad leadership, of course, has conduced to this. We have had no critics whom we could trust. Miss Monroe and Mr. Braithwaite, to both of whom we all owe more than we can say, have, when all is said and done, been better drum-bangers than critics. Both have been somewhat insular in outlook, intolerant of all that is a little alien to them, intolerant to each other, and somewhat amusingly determined to find "great" American poets. Mr. Kilmer and Mr. Untermeyer, both ubiquitous reviewers, the more elusive because so many of their reviews are unsigned, are equally limited, intellectually, and leave always the savor of cult or clique in their pronouncements. Two critics we have who stand clear of axe-grinding and nepotism, who analyze sharply, who delight to use words as poniards—Mr. Mencken of "The Smart Set" and Mr. Firkins of "The Nation"; but with these the misfortune is that they are essentially of the older order, and have an embarrassing tenderness for all that is sentimental, politely romantic, formal, and ethically correct. The balance of power, therefore, has been with the praisers, with Miss Monroe, whose "Poetry" has manifested a tendency to become a sort of triumphal car for the poets of the West and Middle West, with Mr. Braithwaite, whose "Transcript" reviews have seemed at times to become a wholesale business in laurel wreaths, and with others, less fortunate in their power, of the same nature. And in consequence, even the most cautious of us have been in spite of ourselves somewhat infected by the prevailing idolatries. It has become habitual to accept, unpleasant to censure. When we criticize at all, we condemn utterly; when we praise, we sing panegyrics. There has been no middle course of balanced and impartial analysis, no serene perspective,—above all, no *taste*. It almost seems as if we have not been long enough civilized, as if there were too much still undigested or indigestible in our environment.

We have therefore a group of myths among us, some or all of them conflicting, and sedulously encouraged by the publishers. A vague notion is abroad that Frost, Masters, Robinson, Lindsay, Fletcher, Miss Lowell, and others still who have not been quite so successful, are, if not great poets, at any rate brilliantly close to it. Whether this is true or not, need not at once concern us. What becomes important for us, in the circumstances, is to realize that if these poets are as commanding as we think them to be, it is time for us to

stop spattering them with unmixed praise—which we do under the quaint delusion that we are writing serious articles upon them—and look at them, for once, with more of the scientist's eye, and less of the lover's. We need to remind ourselves that they are flesh and blood, as liable to failures and mistakes as ourselves, constantly and sometimes desperately struggling for a precarious foothold, sometimes driven to foolishness by the keenness of the competition, sometimes exhausted by it. What compels them to do what they do? What faults result from this, and what virtues? What can we expect of them? This is the sort of question we should be getting ready to ask them.

Turning upon them from this quarter, we should at once find them looking a little less imposing. We should begin to see first of all one great and glaring characteristic of practically all American poets: that, though rich in invention, they are poor in art. Exceptions to this there are,—notably, Edwin Arlington Robinson, who, perhaps, in other respects pays the penalty. But in the main that stigma touches them all. Most conspicuous in the work of Mr. Masters and Miss Lowell, it is by no means restricted to them alone,—few, if any, escape it. No clearer line of cleavage divides contemporary American poetry from contemporary English: we may prefer the greater richness and variety of the American, its greater relentlessness in search of realities; but the instant we turn to the English we feel a certain distinction, a certain intellectual and æsthetic ease and freedom, no matter on what plane—whether in the clear lyrics of de la Mare and Hodgson and Davies and Aldington, or the strange, powerful, almost labored psychological episodes of Gibson, or the intellectual spaciousness and tortuous energy of Abercrombie. And this lack of distinction, this inability of our poets to make their inventions works of art,—to speak with that single-toned authenticity which arises from perfect expression,—constitutes the most serious menace against their possible survival. Mr. Frost is our most consistent performer, of course,—we can place him over against the English poets akin to him without blushing. And Mr. Robinson, too, is in this respect dependable, though he tends to jingle, does not command the power or the lyric beauty of the others, and abuses his trick of veiled implications. After this, we are in the dark. Miss Lowell, Fletcher, Masters, have all done brilliant work in their kinds,—but even the best of it is marred by strange artistic blindnesses. They cannot be counted upon. They write prose with one hand and poetry with the other, and half the

time know not what they do. If one moment they select carefully, the next moment they empty cartloads. They seem forever uncertain whether to sing or to talk, and consequently try sometimes to do both at once.

The plain fact is that we are passing through a period of ferment, a period of uncertainty, experiment, transition. A great variety of intellectual energies has been simultaneously catalyzed by a great variety of stimuli, and the result inevitably has been chaos. Realists have sprung up, reverent as well as irreverent; romanticists have sprung up, radical as well as conventional; and in addition to these major groups have risen detached individuals difficult to classify, and other groups heterogeneously composed. Experiment is the order of the day. Desperation to say the last word, to go farthest, to dissolve tradition and principle in the most brilliant self-consciousness, has led to literary pranks and freaks without number. Occasionally this has borne good results, more often it has merely startled. The bizarre has frequently been mistaken for the subtle; plain and unselective treatment has been too often considered realism. The Imagists, straying too far in search of flowers of vividness and color, have ended by losing themselves in a Plutonian darkness of unrelated sensory phenomena: they predicate a world of sharply separate entities without connective tissue of relationship, and, in addition, have sacrificed a large part of their power to convey this vision by their unwillingness or inability to heighten their readers' receptiveness through playing upon it rhythmically. Members of the "Others" group (if Mr. Kreymborg will permit it to be so called) have sometimes seemed determined to revert to the holophrastic method of self-expression which antedated the evolution of analytical self-expression and language. At its worst, the result has been captivating nonsense; at its best, it gives us the peculiarly individual semi-poems of Wallace Stevens and Maxwell Bodenheim.

This has been the background — of rapid changes and experimentation, extravagance, over-decorativeness, variety, and fearless entrance into the very penetralia of life — against which our major group of Frost, Masters, Fletcher, Amy Lowell, and Robinson have made themselves clear. They cannot be detached from that background. They are constantly modifying it, and being modified by it. A process of mutual protective coloration, of co-adaptation, is constantly going on. Where they fear, they imitate. In consequence we should expect to find the faults as well as the virtues of the background repeated in the protagonists, — and we do. With the

exception of Mr. Frost (and even he has been slightly infected on the metrical side) and Mr. Robinson, our leading poets, one and all, seem to be writing with a constantly shifting set of values in mind: their eyes are on their audience and on their rival poets, but seldom if ever on eternal principles. The result is a kaleidoscopic effect of shifting viewpoints, and it has become typical of our most typical poets that their work seems to proceed not from one centre, but from many. Now it is lyric, now it is narrative, now dramatic, or philosophic, or psychological — and as the mood fluctuates so does the vehicle chosen, from the most formal through successively more loosely organized modes to the gnomic prose of "Spoon River" or "The Ghosts of an Old House." Our poets have not quite found themselves. They are casting about for something, they do not know what, and have not found it. And more than anything else it is this fact that gives their work that unfinished, hurried quality, impatient and restless, rapidly unselective, which makes it appear, beside English work, lacking in distinction. Like the spring torrent, it is still muddy.

It would be foolish to lament this fact. The spring freshet has its compensations of power and fulness. It would be equally foolish to delude ourselves about it, to imagine that we are already in the middle of a Golden Age; up to the present point it is, rather, an age of brass, — of bombast and self-trumpetings. In the meantime, we can look to the future with considerable confidence that out of the present unprincipled chaos, rich in energies, we shall yet create a harmony. And we can take comfort in a relatively serene belief that Mr. Braithwaite's "Anthology of Magazine Verse" very seriously misrepresents — or, rather, hardly represents at all — the true state of poetry in America to-day.

CONRAD AIKEN.

PSYCHOLOGY AND WAR.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE GREAT WAR. By Gustave Le Bon. Translated by E. Andrews. (Macmillan Co.; \$3.)

With this attractive title and the distinction of the author in mind, one's first query is whether this is a study by a French psychologist or by a psychological Frenchman. The answer must be given in favor of the latter, and with regret; for the former offers the greater opportunity for a notable achievement. The book is shot through (to use a Jamesian phrase that now bears an unexpected meaning) with psychological comment

and interpretation, but does not rise to a unified *aperçu* of the world-calamity. It is consistently and pardonably French; it sets forth the scope and enormity of the German violations of territory, obligations, and moral sanctions in no uncertain terms.

Nor is there in such an attitude any violation of a scientific neutrality. If the actual conflict is that of a highwayman and his victim, there is no sense in treating it psychologically or otherwise as though it were a duel on a point of honor between gentlemen. If the etiquette of diplomatic relations — which must somehow be sustained if the world is to go on as it is — requires a formal acceptance of allegations and arguments presented by one great nation to another, no such rule is binding upon the scientific student of their actual deeds and observable or inferable motives. Actions speak not only louder but, what is more significant, more clearly than words. The student of the phenomena of the war goes directly to the facts, precisely as in the consideration of any less momentous problem. The diplomatic documents form but a single phase of the data, to be interpreted with due allowance for the conventional code which they use. The psychologist may be expected to be objective; and so far as M. Le Bon lapses from that attitude — which he does frequently and with satisfaction — he substitutes the Frenchman for the psychologist. To describe the events as though they occurred upon the planet Mars between nations X and nations Y would suggest a fictitious objectivity. None the less, to the psychologist it matters little who does what in this great war; his interpretation aims to be impersonal. Yet he constantly consults his subjective "Who's Who among the Nations," by which process alone he maintains a realistic touch. If the task is impossible, there is no less credit in the attempt.

Consistently with his views upon social psychology, M. Le Bon ascribes great weight to the "affective, collective and mystic forces, and the part they play in the life of nations." They sway sentiment and control action in the economic activities of peace, and come to the fore in other forms but with unaltered psychology in times of war. Racial tendencies, mob influences, cultivated ideals with a mystic infusion are traceable in the psychic war zones. They may not make war, but they are counted upon to support it, and they determine its conduct. The first and largest psychological effect is the transformation that comes over the individual character when the collective national influence plays over it. This effect is by no means limited to, or even best expressed in, the transformation of the

shopkeeper or the artisan into the *poilu*, — the complete change in environment, occupation, outlook, from an orderly and secure little commercial living to an imposed subjection to venture, danger, torture, and privation; it is just as characteristic in those who stay at home and attain an inner conversion to a different set of values. What war sets free is determined by the qualities that races cherish or encourage. War makes one transformation in a Frenchman and quite another in a Prussian, because of the difference in what has been cultivated in the two, by generations of ideals and social institutions. (What difference of racial fitness for cultivation may parallel or direct ideals, or account for them, is another question.)

Accordingly M. Le Bon goes to the historical account of the formation of the German Empire as well as to accredited analyses of German traits in older generations, to find the basis for the amazing form which the martial transformation has produced in Germany. It is a psychological product acting through a political machinery. To M. Le Bon's mind it presents the invasion of Belgium, the contempt for the word of honor, the cruelty to foe, the unspeakable intimidation, the massacre of the innocent, not as incomprehensible paradoxes, but as natural issues of cultivated ideals, and a reversion to raw nature made possible by subserviency and an underlying persistent imperviousness to the life of refinement and restraint which civilization imposes. Such action is inferred to be not inherently, or at least violently, antagonistic to the racial will, nor to the officially responsible wills which reflect even as they count upon the folk-psychology. As corroborative evidence M. Le Bon cites the intellectual apologies for the war and its conduct, and the amazing doctrines of Teutonic megalomania; for all this is as significant a transformation of the peaceful Teutonic psychology as that observable in the trenches. Clearly the psychologist has but one alternative: to hold either that the war spirit can completely revolutionize and unmake, or that the war spirit can but release what the controlled life of peace restrains. The charge in either case may be equally colossal and infernal, but M. Le Bon accepts the latter; for there is a limit to the affective, collective, and mystic influences, powerful as they are.

The psychology of the feelings and reactions roused by the war in the several countries is reviewed; the cumulative effect of a collective, all-absorbing occupation, obliterating social distinctions and binding men in a new community, is added to the racial genius and finds composite expression. This is at once familiar

and not readily summarized. The psychology of those officially responsible for the war offers a very different application of principles. The inability of official Germany to understand the national psychology of other peoples, and the mistakes of other nations in failing to gauge the effect of omissions and commissions are commented upon. This is a contribution to the psychology of diplomacy, of psychological strategy on an international scale. In so complex an application, much of the action covers controversial ground. Admissions are affected by more than the personal unwillingness to admit error; they involve motive, calculation, the offset of policy and honor, the prestige of nations, the fear of unfair advantage, the effect upon the *morale* of citizens, and all the complex conflicts between morality and desire in the national drama. Really to understand, to disentangle fact from fable, and unearth deep-seated motives, one would need at the least a psycho-analysis of the responsible individuals and a frankness of statement unknown in such circles.

Another set of considerations centres about the psychology of modern warfare; and this material is readily treated with a fair objectivity. M. Le Bon has interesting suggestions to offer upon the psychology of courage, the place of habit in deadening sensibility to suffering and sympathy alike, the intimate effect of the trench life and the lack of opportunity which modern warfare presents for the development of older types of pugnacity, the genesis of the hero, and the weaknesses of the soldier.

The interest returns to—as indeed it hardly leaves—the psychological forces that make war possible, the animosities, prejudices, differences of ideals, incompatibilities of temperament that precipitate feuds and turmoils in all relations, and become gigantic when written in the colossal proportions of modern national clashes. What is really responsible for them? How can they be avoided? Is civilization built upon a smouldering volcano, which sooner or later must break through in the eruption of war? Fundamentally this is a question of the machinery for the political control of national wills; yet equally is it a question of the direction of national psychology. M. Le Bon believes that a relatively slight change in sentiment would go far to ensure security. He sees in no national ideal, except the German, any menace to international coöperation; and in his conciliatory mood, he concedes to the German an equal possibility of attaining to the same attitude. He intimates—though not clearly—that the German people may promptly recover from what he pronounces to be a mental aberration.

Collective Germany is for the time mad. No more convincing sign of this madness is to be found than in the pronouncements of intellectuals, the persistent denial of unmistakable evidence, the acceptance of delusions of special providence, and the host of minor irrationalities that follow in their train. How the restoration to sanity is to be accomplished is not indicated.

Doubtless the impression of such a review is that M. Le Bon's patriotism has run away with his judicial reserve; and that the French psychologist is finding consolation in a manner no more justified than that by which the German philosopher finds vindication for his national ambitions. To remove that impression the reader must assume the responsibility of a direct acquaintance with the whole of M. Le Bon's argument. He will find it saturated with loyalty, but not blindly; he will find running through it a sanity of comprehension that may lead to irrelevance but not to injustice; and he will observe a sincere objective intent. At the best the volume suffers from a lack of singleness of purpose and from the desire to write at once a statement of a case and a psychological analysis. M. Le Bon and his readers are both too near the canvas to gauge the proper effect. Upon the artist rests the greater responsibility. In view of the peculiarly meagre contributions that in any way illuminate the psychology of the war, and equally of the fact that so many writers admit and emphasize that the psychological causes are the significant ones, the essay of M. Le Bon attains an importance which his reputation presages and his performance confirms.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

A BOOK OF MASKS.

MEN OF LETTERS. By Dixon Scott. With an introduction by Max Beerbohm. (George H. Doran Co.; \$2.)

How these young Englishmen can write! Wherein lies the explanation of that friendly richness of humor, that half-laughing, half-eager, wholly rejoicing cleverness of phrase, which so many of them know the trick of, and which we Americans, of their generation, are so without? Not that we imitate it; we cultivate assiduously another style, not a bit less conscious, rather less robust; but we are hard where they are human, stiff instead of resilient.

Dixon Scott died on October 23, 1915, on a hospital ship near Gallipoli, whither he had gone as a Lieutenant in the Royal Field Artillery. It is natural enough that readers

(and publishers) should halo the young man who having lived for letters dies for his country; of course the case of Rupert Brooke recurs to memory. Brooke was a creative artist; Scott is, to all appearances, a critic. That which I find most striking in Scott's work too, however, is its imaginative power. He too is a creator; a fictionist, if you will, whose characters, named Shaw and Wells, and Kipling and Barrie, are as truly the children of imagination as Becky Sharp or Boon. Boon is indeed an excellent example of what I mean; I am glad I thought of Boon. Scott's Shaw and Barrie and Kipling are, like Boon, not living men, though they pretend to be, but men who are alive. Shaw is not innocent, but when I read "The Innocence of Bernard Shaw" I accept him absolutely; Kipling is not meek, but in "The Meekness of Rudyard Kipling" I find a delightful character; a man I can love. Think of loving the real Rudyard! The light of Scott's imagination shines through those crimson pages till it throws warm gules even upon the calculating breast of England's fiercest Jingo. All of these characters of Scott's are lovable. Lamb said once that of all "the persons one would wish to have met" he would choose Fulke Greville, the friend of Sir Philip Sidney. Lamb gave a whimsical reason; may not his actual reason have been that Greville is remembered as a friend? For that reason at least I should like to have met Dixon Scott; for his amazing friendliness. Keen, clever, spirited, and young, he sees nevertheless that which is sweet and fine in men, as most keen, clever, spirited young men cannot; sees even, as I say, what is not there, and from his vision builds a splendid figure.

Of course his method is to some extent of paradox, the Chestertonian. Turn inside out the ordinary view, and you have the groundwork of your construction. The monotony of this method, and one must say also the frank imitation of its style, are indeed Scott's chief defects. Sentence after sentence in "Men of Letters" might have proceeded from the fat man's pen.

It is Trafford meekly earning guineas by lecturing because his wife has not studied Domestic Economy who is monstrous and unreal; it is the airship falling out of heaven like a miracle that observes the true modesty of nature. It is when the novelist says "I know no more than you what will happen, we are all children together" that he is on the brink of making revelations.

Sometimes I half believe Scott imitated the phraseology of each man he wrote of — there is a sentence, for instance, on page 105, in the essay on Henry James, which is pure James. "And since its avowed purpose, as plainly specified in the charter-party

pasted on the poop (by which one only means the title on the cover), is to provide — not a triumphant imitation of high poopery, but a safe passage home to the reader's consciousness and memory for the two noble personalities it names, then it is surely perfectly evident that if the event be judged honestly in the light of its own aims and terms we have no option but to write it down a partial failure." And I could quote a dozen others not only from this essay but from that on Barrie in the style of Barrie, that on Alice Meynell in dainty Alice-blue. On the whole, however, Scott is chiefly Chestertonian in touch. But he is always Dixon Scott in feeling — sweepingly, certainly, convincingly enthusiastic — the perfect friend.

Of course his enthusiasm leads him into an occasional excess. James, for example, wrote "prose probably unsurpassed since Shakespeare's," and yet Scott is "soberly convinced that the prose of Alice Meynell is absolutely the most perfect produced in our language for at least the last twenty years." It led him into an excess of emphasis, indeed, on form in general. Sometimes he cannot see the wood of his subject for the trees of technique. But what is that excess of emphasis except the joy of the artist let loose? Dixon Scott had been a bank-clerk, and if he handles every word like a coin, to judge its weight and fineness, and in so doing even forgets the total there is to pay, how admirably delicate are his fingers! But as a rule that total remains very clear in his mind. His judgments may challenge some readers; me they merely fascinate. What do I care for another man's view of Bernard Shaw? No more than when I read "The Virginians" I care whether Thackeray's picture of Richardson is historically accurate or not. I want a figure to intrigue my imagination, and Dixon Scott has offered me a gallery.

JAMES WEBER LINN.

THE NEUTRALITY OF BELGIUM.

BELGIUM AND THE GREAT POWERS. Her Neutrality Explained and Vindicated. By Emile Waxweiler, Director of the Solvay Institute of Sociology at Brussels. (G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.)

The Sunday following Italy's declaration of war I spent at a Belgian château near Antwerp. The news of the declaration of war came to us early in the evening, at the dinner hour in fact, and our host read it aloud to us at the dinner table. His voice trembled as he read, and when he finished a long silence fell.

"Won't they propose a toast to Italy!" I whispered to my *vis-à-vis*—like myself, a delegate of the Commission for Relief in Belgium.

"I don't think so. Look at their faces," he added.

Not one at that table expressed pleasure that a fresh power had enlisted on the side of the Allies! Not a Belgian there—and they were all sincere patriots—but was thinking of the deluge of human suffering and death and destruction which Italy's entrance into the *danse macabre* had loosed upon a new quarter of the world. The toast to the success of their new ally was never proposed.

I am reminded of this incident on reading the late Emile Waxweiler's "Belgium and the Great Powers." For those whose faith in the honor and good sense of publicists abroad—British, French, and Italian, as well as German—has been shaken by the evidence of the war, will find their faith restored by listening to this Belgian voice. Only a Belgian, I think, and a Belgian in the territory seized by the Germans, could write with the heart-breaking sanity and courage which this volume shows. There is not one word of bitterness or cruelty in its pages. It is irresistibly fair. It is no recapitulation of stale facts, however. Like "Belgium, Neutral and Loyal," it is news, much of which will astonish American readers.

Now that Professor Waxweiler is dead, one may fitly sum up in a review of "Belgium, Neutral and Loyal" and "Belgium and the Great Powers" his service to his nation and to the world. Emile Verhaeren, the great Belgian poet, one of the greatest poets of the nineteenth century, is dead, killed by a train at Rouen; Emile Waxweiler, the patient expounder of Belgian history, is also dead within the year; Désiré Joseph, Cardinal Mercier, the Catholic Primate of Belgium, alone of this trinity of leaders still lives. Waxweiler's contribution was not the least made by these three men. He crystallized and placed in final form the evidence on behalf of Belgium—a work which at the start of the war had incalculable effect on his own nation as well as upon liberal minds throughout the world. But Waxweiler had his eye not merely on the present. He aimed at the future. That is why he denied himself the luxury of anathema and stuck close to the facts. Note this statement regarding Belgian neutrality:

Now from the first days of the reign of Leopold I., the Sovereign and his Government had to impress upon their minds this dominating fact: if they wanted to guarantee the life of the country, it was necessary to give it a clearly independent position with regard to the three Powers whose proximity surrounded it with jealous influences. For Belgium the first condition of life was the balance of power, not so much, say, neutrality, the formula of doctrine, as equilibrium, the rule of action. Every tendency to favour one of the Powers at the expense of the other two inclined public opinion, by virtue of a true collective intuition, in the contrary direction; every blow struck by one of the Powers at the national sovereignty led to a clear understanding with the others. In the same way, a mechanical system resting on three supports one of which should happen to give way, would only be maintained if it righted itself in the direction of the other two.

Again, quoting from the official report of the army command, he explains that when the Belgian mobilization was called, and before the German note of August 2nd was received, "the 1st, 3rd, 4th and 5th divisions were placed respectively in each of the directions from which danger could threaten Belgium:

"The 1st Division, or Flanders division, faced England;

"The 3rd Division, or Liège division, faced Germany;

"The 4th and 5th Divisions looked toward France, the 4th being destined to face an attack upon Namur, the 5th an attack which should debouch from Maubeuge-Lille."

(The 2nd and 6th divisions and the cavalry division remained at Antwerp and Brussels.)

So much for the accusation that Belgium had already compromised her neutrality with Great Britain and France.

I have cited these extracts from "Belgium and the Great Powers" because they show Waxweiler's attitude of mind and his method. His quotations are often startling, they are always interesting. His analysis is always candid and just. He refuses to look on the civilized world as a chessboard for diplomats, but equally he refuses to look at history as archives for devil's advocates. And when books are forgotten, when the righteous, passionate poetry of Verhaeren is no longer quoted, when Cardinal Mercier's noble pastoral letters are lost in dusty libraries, and when the name of Waxweiler has vanished from men's memories, let us hope that something of his critical statesmanship will have been built into the structure of the new and enduring Belgium and a more durable world. That, I think, is a thing which will be and which must be.

EDWARD EYRE HUNT.

PRIMITIVE MYTHOLOGY.

THE MYTHOLOGY OF ALL RACES. Vol. IX. Oceanic. By Roland B. Dixon. (Marshall Jones Co.; by subscription.)

If primitive mythology is to be found anywhere, it would surely seem that it might be among the scattered islands of the Pacific Ocean. Yet, stretching behind even the myths from the most isolated and undisturbed corners of Oceania, one can see endless vistas of slow human development, while in the most evolved types of Polynesian cosmogony, for example, it is difficult not to believe them the expression of minds fully aware of modern theories of evolution, expressing itself in mythological symbols often of genuine poetic value.

Moreover, one has the conviction that the more puerile myths often represent a degeneration from purer types of myth, rather than veritable primitive imagination. This might very well be, since, as Professor Dixon emphasizes in the second volume to be issued of the "Mythology of All Races," there is a bewildering composite of races in these islands, caused by migration upon migration from the mainland, as well as migrations between the many clustering islands of this veritable island continent. This has, of course, resulted in the mingling of many forms of primitive fancy. While this contact of race with race brings about development, it must be admitted that it often tends to the coarsening of the imagination, a good example of which is to be found in the later mythology of India as compared with the songs of the "Rig Veda."

Though the mythology of Oceania turns out upon investigation to be far from primitive, it has no such richness and variety as that of the North American Indian. We question, however, whether a different treatment of the subject of Oceanic mythology might not have brought out more satisfactorily the very real fascination it possesses in some of its aspects, as those who have read Lord Grey's "Polynesian Mythology" know. Professor Dixon states in his introduction that he will venture upon no interpretation of any of the myths, and this determination is religiously adhered to, with the result that the reader finds himself constantly longing for some illuminating critical appreciations. These need not necessarily be the turning of the stories into solar or lunar myths, or symbolical abstractions, as Professor Dixon seems to think. He is quite right when he says the danger here is very great, but primitive myths cut off from any relationing to the

primitive customs and rituals which must necessarily be reflected in them, lose all their meaning, since few of them, and least of all those of Oceania, can stand upon their pure literary value. On the other hand, primitive customs among these peoples, especially those of Australia, have remarkable interest in view of their remote origins, as brought out by Frazer in his work on Totemism. A study of the relation of these customs to subsequent myth developments would put into them a vitality which they sadly need.

Though Professor Dixon has not to our mind treated the subject in the most inspiring fashion possible, too much cannot be said of his painstaking scholarship, according to his own lights. He has hedged himself about so carefully with scholarly doubts in connection with his own conclusions that there results an unbounded sense of confidence in his judgment in those cases where he allows himself to exercise it unrestrictedly.

There are one or two aspects, especially of the mythology of the Polynesian peoples, which single out these primitive islanders as thinkers of no mean order. A scientific and philosophical bent of mind comes out in many of their cosmogonic myths. This type is defined by Professor Dixon as the genealogical or evolutionary type. The essential elements of this form are summarized by him as follows:

In the beginning there was nothing but Po, a void or chaos, without light, heat or sound, without form or motion. Gradually vague stirrings began within the darkness, moanings and whisperings arose, and then, at first, faint as early dawn, the light appeared and grew until full day had come. Heat and moisture next developed, and from the interaction of these elements came substance and form, ever becoming more and more concrete, until the solid earth and overarching sky took shape and were personified as Heaven Father and Earth Mother.

After Heaven Father and Earth Mother have been attained, their offspring are the phenomena of nature and the myriad gods.

The Polynesians had their creative myths as well as their evolutionary myths, and Professor Dixon is inclined to think these belonged to the genuine aborigines to whom a migrating race brought the remarkable evolutionary type. Possibly there are traces of Hindu influence in these. It has been stated that the distinctive characteristic of the Aryan mind is a belief in law or growth from within, while that of the Semitic mind is a belief in external creation and revelation. If the reverse of this were also true, namely, that wherever you find the former, you may conclude there have been Aryan migrations and

influence, and wherever the latter, Semitic migrations and influence, primitive man might be divided into these two races, for these two types of cosmogonic myths seem to have existed side by side from time immemorial. Probably they are both pre-Aryan and pre-Semitic. The types may even have become fixed before our ancient emergence from our simian ancestors.

Of Polynesian mythic heroes, the most fascinating is Maui, who has a whole cycle of legends attached to him with as many variants as the medieval tales of Arthur and his Knights. His chief exploits were the fishing up of the land and the snaring of the sun—both, it may be remarked, not at all distinctive of Maui's skill, for many other primitive gods and demigods and animals have been recorded as doing the same thing. But Maui has become fixed in our minds as the supreme primitive type of sun-snarer, as Apollo represents sun mythology at its utmost æsthetic and philosophic flowering. Maui was also a fire-bringer. In fact, he was a culture hero who not only gave his race the land on which they lived, but discovered fire for them in the bowels of the earth. And evidently he flourished so long ago that he assisted at the slowing up of the earth's rotation on its axis, or perhaps the precession of the equinoxes, certainly suggested by the sun-snarer stories. Again we seem to have extraordinary knowledge or intuition of actual scientific occurrences.

In Melanesia the primitive mind seems to have become sociological rather than cosmological, for here tales of culture heroes abound. The doings of these heroes are not, however, especially interesting, though the recognition in these tales of the existence in social life of forces making for good and evil shows penetration if not æsthetic imagination.

The imagination of this region seems to express itself more interestingly in drawings than in tales. A native drawing of a sea spirit shows a remarkable man-like creature with a fish for its head, and fishes for its hands and feet, while decorations of seaweed sprout from its knees and elbows. There is also a delightful female bogey, called a dogai. She looks as if she might be a goddess of vegetation, and not at all a fearsome person to meet. Yet she was slain, and became a group of stars, of which Altair is one.

It will be found upon comparison of the different divisions of Oceania that, while the mythology as a whole presents many elements of resemblance, each region seems to develop

some type or types of stories peculiar to itself. For example, Deluge myths prevail among the mountain tribes of Northern Luzon in the Philippines—a region which Professor Dixon tells us was practically uninfluenced by Islamic or Hindu culture. Here there are always the sky and the sea to begin with, and earth is made either in or on the sea. Again, in Indonesia, trickster tales abound, some of them directly traceable to Buddhist sources in India, and others evidently original though imitated from the Hindu tales.

In Australia, animal tales and stories of totemic ancestors are the prevalent types. About the origin of the world the Australians have little to say, but upon the origin of mankind some of their myths are peculiarly interesting, for they seem to point to the earliest form of the doctrine of reincarnation. Among certain tribes, to quote Professor Dixon, "the belief is held that the totem ancestors of the various clans come up out of the ground, some being in human, some in animal shapes. . . . And ultimately they journeyed away beyond the confines of the territory known to the particular tribe, or went down into the ground again, or became transformed into a rock, tree, or some other natural feature of the landscape. These spots then became centres from which spirit individuals, representing these ancestors, issued to be reincarnated in human beings." Here is an example of a myth whose value would be immeasurably enhanced by an account of the curious beliefs and customs from which it sprang. The idea of reincarnation so widespread in what has been called the lowest type of man—the Australian Bushman—goes far to prove that even in his most savage state man was searching for God, and had already, even before he had discovered all the meanings of his physical existence, discovered his spirit.

These are mere glimpses of the more important material that may be found in the book, material which gives much food for thought to those who are interested in religious and scientific origins. The notes are entirely of a bibliographical character and, along with the very full bibliography, are of inestimable value to the special student. As in the previous volume, the illustrations are of the first order of interest. They are generally of religious objects of some sort which evince a ghouliah type of imagination, rivaling the gargoyles of Gothic art or the sculptures of the Futurist school.

HELEN A. CLARKE.

RECENT FICTION.

BITTERSWEET. By Grant Richards. (Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.40.)

THORGLILS. By Maurice Hewlett. (Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.35.)

THE STREET OF THE BLANK WALL. By Jerome K. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.35.)

Some time ago Mr. John Lane, in an interview with a Canadian newspaper man, predicted "the death of decadence in British fiction and in British literature generally" as one of the results of the war. That was an interesting view, for Mr. Lane has known literature well for a long time, and whatever he thinks about it is likely to be of value. Just what he meant by "decadence" was probably clearer to one who read the whole interview than it is in a mere phrase. I suppose he had in mind a quality which was more common in the literature of the nineties than it is to-day. Mr. Grant Richards's story "Bittersweet" reminds one of that period, in which some, at least, of the writers of the day prided themselves more upon a "decadent" quality in their work than upon certain sturdier virtues. The word was first used in France and there was more of the quality in the France of that day than there was in England. There is less of that sort of thing now in French literature and in French life. The new century made a difference, and the war has made more. There is less, too, in English literature and life.

It is decadent (if one is to use the word) to fix one's mind upon what is ignoble, and to render it in artistic form. Mr. Richards knows that much of his subject is ignoble, but I suppose he thinks that much is fine, and that the fine things can be seen only by seeing also the ignoble surroundings. "Serious fiction," say the publishers — and rightly, — "of unusual distinction, a fine piece of realism done by an artist with an artist's restraint." All true enough, and yet the book is not sufficiently fine to make one forget the rather too sordid substance. This is the story of an average English merchant who loves his wife and children, but who loves still more, or at least more fiercely, a girl who dances at the night restaurants in Paris. He loves her and leaves her, sees her once more, loves her and again leaves her. This time it seems to be for good, and he goes back to his wife and children. So far there is little to attract the artist — such cases are not uncommon in our day; but, common or not, it would take a very thoroughgoing realist to think such a story worth chronicling. All that is but the kind of vulgar intrigue which the novelist would hardly want to touch

unless it offered him something in the doing that was fine. Some, perhaps, would merely try to find something that was exciting. Mr. Richards here shows his restraint; there is no commonplace excitement as to whether the man will be found out, as to whether his wife will know. There is no conventional sentiment about the man's ruining himself by the extravagances of his mistress. He spent a good deal of money, but his recklessness did not bring him to ruin. No; it is merely the story of the intrigue, and of course one will guess that the only thing that can make such an intrigue interesting is the figure of the woman. She may be so fine that one forgets all else.

It is not a novel idea that there is often good in evil surroundings. That ignoble world that may be found elsewhere, as well as in Paris, includes not a few people who are probably good and kind in the common walks of life, even though their means of livelihood is a sordid pandering to something that is evil and cruel. It may hold natures that are capable of greater nobility than we are apt to see in our everyday existence. The Salvation Army would possibly find more generosity in a saloon than in a country-club. Illona, the dancer, is the figure that makes such a tale possible. She is of the temper that led Julia to write to Juan that love was of man's life a thing apart, but woman's whole existence. Illona loves Gervase Blundell as Julia loved. But she has another feeling, too; she loves him so much that, when she sees his boy, she feels that she must give him up, even though she must make him forget her to do it.

Such things might make a really fine figure, one an artist might want to render. People may doubt its realism, but then many people know little of Illona's world, and so cannot be good judges there. Yet, fine or not, realistic or not, even Illona does not take from the book the quality once called decadent. Why write of such things? There are charming things in the book; the fresh and lovely country of Savoy is very different from the close night restaurants of Paris; Illona had much that was charming about her, even if Gervase had much that was mean. But the lasting impression — and that is the thing that counts — is unspeakably sordid.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett is not decadent and never was, even though "Earthwork Out of Tuscany" came in the nineties. He has written much since then, and it has been his fancy or his will to write things of very different kinds. Perhaps it is decadent in a more refined sense to wish to appear always in protean guise — to vary one's personality,

as they used to say in the nineties. The greatest writers seem to think little of how they do things, and so they are always themselves. So, at least, it seems to us. To the Elizabethan playgoer it may be that Shakespeare seemed always trying experiments, as he passed from "Love's Labour's Lost" to "The Comedy of Errors" and then to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and so on, through the stately pageant that seems to us so obviously woven out of the same wonderful stuff. It may be that Shakespeare himself liked to vary the masks through which he looked upon the world as much as Gerhart Hauptmann. However that may be, Maurice Hewlett has written stories of many kinds, and the last kind he has chosen to write is a story after the fashion of the Icelandic saga—the first and, it may well be, the greatest realistic fiction of Europe. They are great things, those old tales of everyday life, and they are told in a great way. Mr. Hewlett has the idea of it—the simplicity, the directness, the strength. It is only in the refined sense that one could call such work decadent. It may be the sign of a decadent art when one is able so absolutely to adopt the manner of another. Of late it has been said that Mr. Hewlett is losing his power, but it is hardly losing one's power to write as he writes in "Thorgils."

The book tells the story of Thorgils of Treadholt from the time of his birth to the time of his death, of how he loved when he could and fought when he had to, of how he lived in Iceland, went to Greenland, came home, and finally died. Mr. Hewlett tells only the important things and makes no fuss even over them. There are no descriptions, or conversations, or character studies. That is certainly a very different sort of writing from "Richard Yea-and-Nay" or "The Queen's Quair," and people nowadays will not like it so well. Yet, like it or not, the result is much the same; out of the book there emerges a pretty definite figure. A great novelist can do more in kind; he can leave a dozen or a score of definite figures; Dickens and Thackeray did, as a rule. But it is something to leave even one. And as one goes on and on in this rather bare chronicle of action, one does feel that the figure of a man emerges, a pretty clearly seen person. Rather more clearly, I should say, than Gunnar who fell in with that attractive girl who had been married to the God Frey, of whom Mr. Hewlett told a year or so ago. Mr. Hewlett never would do what people wanted; he always wants his own way. He likes to write sagas, and so he does. One thing I might say, however: Mr. Hewlett is the man who wrote

"Art is adjectival, is it not, O Donatello?" There are very few adjectives in "Thorgils." But Mr. Hewlett would say that "adjectival" was but a figure, that art gets and gives its qualities in different ways.

It is not so very important whether "Bittersweet" be decadent or whether "Thorgils" be not. Each is a well-written book, but neither is a book that gives much idea of that renaissance of which Mr. Lane spoke to his Canadian friends. Mr. Lane thinks that the war will bring a period of virility in which Canada will play her part. Mr. Richards's story has virility of a certain sort and Mr. Hewlett's has virility of another sort, though probably neither has the fresh power that Mr. Lane had in mind. I should hardly think that "virility" was the thing needed in English fiction; reality, feeling for beauty, penetration beneath the hulls and coverings of life,—these would seem to me more important things.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome does not have so much of those qualities that we hail him at once as a great man, but he does have something of them. His new collection, "The Street of the Blank Wall" (named from the first story, which has no connection even in idea with the rest of the book), is made up of half a dozen stories that show as many different qualities. One of them is little more than a sketch out of real life, a short and pathetic idyll which may easily be "founded on fact." Another is a fairy-story of modern life, frankly impossible I should say, except that Mr. Jerome hardly seems to consider so slight a matter. Between the realism and the fantasy come a murder mystery, a rendering of the passage of souls from body to body, and an extravaganza clearly meant to give something that is pretty true.

Mr. Jerome's stories show us, in little, a number of things that English fiction can do without trying to keep up the strain of Mr. George Moore and Mr. Grant Richards, and without trying the various experiments with the past that Mr. Hewlett seems to enjoy so much. All these stories are in veins that have been cultivated by others, sometimes at greater length and with greater success, usually with less. The last year has offered us fantasies, extravaganzas, tales of metempsychosis, detective stories, sketches of daily sentiment. In all these different forms Mr. Jerome writes with sincerity, with feeling for reality, with some insight into the deeper possibilities of life, with a feeling for what is lovely as well as of good report. And that sort of thing is in itself good, better, I should say, than a striving for virility.

EDWARD E. HALE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

COTTON AS A WORLD POWER: A Study in the Economic Interpretation of History. By James A. B. Scherer. Frederick A. Stokes Co.; \$2.

Sixty years ago a large number of southern leaders had convinced themselves that "Cotton is King"—an economic force against which hostile influences could not prevail. The Civil War proved that Cotton was not King, though the fleecy staple showed a mighty strength. The extraordinary developments of the last quarter-century have again brought cotton to the front as the most important single crop produced. Gold excepted, its influence is the most far spread, the most international of all concrete economic forces. It was the suddenly magnified importance of cotton caused by the European War which induced Dr. Scherer, who had long been interested in the subject, to publish this work. The author, now a college president in California, lived, when a youth, in the cotton country; he has travelled widely where cotton is grown or used and his reading covers the entire literature of the subject. This book of 450 pages covers in 75 short chapters the history of cotton from its very earliest mention to the crop of 1915—from the myths of the "Vegetable Lamb of Tartary" (half animal, half plant) to the latest long staple of the Imperial Valley in California. Among other influences exerted by cotton, attention is called to the way it fastened upon the South negro slavery and the plantation system, free trade ideals, and conservatism, both social and political; to the sectional divergence caused by the rapid development of its power; to its part, both American and international, in the history of the Civil War; and to its effect in drawing women and children into factories. The proposition is advanced that the South might have made a more effective use of its cotton during the Civil War by assuming control of the entire supply and using it as a basis of foreign credit. The author should have made it clearer that the white man of the New South in competition with the free negro has a much larger part in making the cotton crop than had his grandfather in competition with negro slavery. Interesting as the long history of cotton is, the most striking facts which the author sets forth are those of its present-day influence. For the last ten years the value of the world's cotton has been greater than its production of gold and silver for the same time. The annual export of raw cotton from the United States amounts to twenty-six per cent of all exports and exceeds in value the total of the next four great groups,—iron and steel, meat and dairy products, copper, and breadstuffs,—and yet forty per cent of the crop is manufactured in the United States. It takes the place of gold in international exchanges and enables the United States to maintain a favorable trade balance, since its annual export value is almost exactly the amount due to Europe by the United States. It is the only crop all of which is sold by the producer, and it is practically

indestructible. It possesses more of the attributes of a legal tender than anything else except gold, and no other product of human hands is so widely exported. So careful is the author to develop his background that at times the work becomes practically a general economic history. Especially is this true of the period before Whitney's invention of the cotton gin. The latter part, which deals with cotton as a really important economic force, is better proportioned. Contrary to the generally accepted American view, the author does not believe that the southern states will remain undisturbed in their monopoly of cotton production. New cotton fields are being developed in every continent, but the European War has probably made the South safe for a long time. The book is well worthy of its title. It is a notable study in history and economics and at times rises to the grade of literature. Other than two small volumes for children it is the only treatise on the subject of such a nature that the general reader will find pleasure in reading it.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF GERMANY. By J. Ellis Barker. Dutton; \$2.50.

Mr. J. Ellis Barker, as one of the most competent authorities on certain phases of German economic life, is sure of a circle of interested readers for his most recent book. The author, though a German by birth, is a naturalized Englishman and an ardent partisan of Anglo-Saxon political ideals. The present volume is totally distinct from his "Modern Germany," of which a fifth and greatly enlarged edition was published last year. It is by no means of equal importance with his earlier work, being chiefly made up of unrevised magazine articles, as a consequence of which the material has the double defect of being heterogeneous and at the same time repetitious. The most valuable portion of the book is a sort of appendix which gives in the original French five important state papers of Frederick the Great, who is, in the author's estimation, the real maker of the German Empire and the great prototype of modern Prussian aggression.

ESSAYS IN WAR TIME. By Havelock Ellis. Houghton Mifflin; \$1.50.

Mr. Ellis always writes with definiteness and clarity. The war has naturally shaped his contemporary interests. War, morality, eugenics, feminism, social problems, the birth-rate form the shifting centres of interest of the several essays. The biological defence of war is demolished, and a timely analysis of the actual part it plays in the modern world is set forth. This confused realm, wherein partisan prejudices freely disport themselves, is restored to a scientific sanity of vision. In discussing the relations of the sexes, Mr. Ellis reinforces his earlier conclusions by newer evidence, utilizing the part played by woman in the war, under stress of unusual circumstances. The limitations as well as possibilities of eugenic provisions indicate that the control of the future generations is one of the vital matters now at

issue. As an older advocate of birth-control, Mr. Ellis now comes to his own and appeals for a campaign of enlightenment. In his view of the marriage relation Mr. Ellis is fairly radical, as judged by the entrenched morality which he calls upon to defend itself. In the course of the eugenic argument the relation of quality to quantity is made prominent. The fallacy of an unchecked birth-rate as a national asset is argued. The fallacy of associating genius with defect likewise receives attention. Thus the sheaf of essays is bound by a continuity of interest and a consistency of point of view which may be described as a scientific radicalism, challenging the established beliefs when these rest upon tradition rather than upon cogent argument and experience.

SPANISH EXPLORATION IN THE SOUTHWEST, 1542-1706. By H. G. Bolton. Scribner; \$3.

From diplomatic origins to the pioneer annals of exploration stretches a gap of nearly two centuries. But Professor Bolton's carefully edited volume in the "Original Narratives of Early American History" series touches another phase of the same general field. The present volume comes from another important workshop in what we may call "Our Hispanic Hinterland." The narratives of exploration that he presents in original text, though not in facsimile, begin with the voyage of Cabrillo (1542), and end with the journey of Father Kino in 1710. These sixteen decades contain no such striking events as marked the wonderful half-century ushered in by Columbus, but there is the same exhibition of heroic devotion and sacrifice. By such deeds as these early explorers and missionaries performed was Spain's colonial empire expanded and a picturesque background prepared for our more prosaic occupancy. Professor Bolton's work follows that of Hodge and Lewis in the same series. His field extends from California to Texas. A full third of his documents, which are typical rather than exhaustive, now appear in print for the first time, while another third were previously available only in Spanish. Technically his work as an editor approaches perfection. The text of the narrative is accompanied by a wealth of information, backed by copious references. An original map and facsimiles of two contemporary ones add greatly to this valuable study.

THE SEXES IN SCIENCE AND HISTORY. By Eliza Burt Gamble. Putnam; \$1.50.

This is a revised edition of "The Evolution of Woman," published in 1894. The revision is confined mainly to the beginning and the end of the book. The intermediate portions, consisting of statements of the position of woman in prehistoric times and throughout the ages, may stand. The sub-title, "An Inquiry into the Dogma of Woman's Inferiority to Man," indicates the bias of the work, which has not yielded in the twenty years nor adjusted itself to the actual facts as biologically or socially interpreted. A work of this kind serves few useful purposes and does many a disservice to the cause which it presents. The position of woman has far stronger

defences than the dubious interpretations here assembled. The maintenance of a sex antagonism such as is here vindicated forms an argument in the hands of those who oppose the too rapid assumption of responsibility on the part of women. What is valuable in the work is its insistence upon the qualities used by civilization which owe their strength to the feminine nature. As a general contribution to the "woman question," the book is pernicious.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A HYPHENATED AMERICAN. By Edward A. Steiner. Revell; 50 cts.

That the hyphen should be regarded as a wedding-ring and not as a symbol of divorce is the contention of Dr. Edward A. Steiner. Dr. Steiner, for instance, is an Austro-American; that is to say, he was born in Austria,—an unescapable fact; but he has been an American by choice and adoption for some thirty years and, having worked his way up from alien to citizen, he gives this country his undivided allegiance. A visit to Vienna arouses no patriotic thrill in his breast. "I have," he says, "nothing but loathing for this foul and unthinkable war, for I have lived where it was bred, and I have watched the dastardly and damnable process. A generation of men was begotten and trained to be fodder for cannon and to walk joyously into that hell." In this admirable little book, which is the reprint of a lecture delivered before the League for Political Education in New York City, he pleads that the hyphen should be regarded as the simple expression of a natural fact, and that the part before the hyphen should not be emphasized either for exaltation or for reprobation.

THE BOOK OF BOSTON. By Robert Shackleton. Penn Publishing Co.; \$2.

Anecdote, tradition, bits of history and biography, passages of description, and paragraphs of personal impression—all these combine agreeably in the making of "The Book of Boston," by Mr. Robert Shackleton. A lively wit and gentle humor are also manifest in these rambling chapters about Boston's rambling streets and other characteristic features. Boston Common appropriately claims first place in the author's delineation of the city's historic haunts; and then, by a natural association of ideas, comes Boston Preferred, on the old and aristocratic Beacon Hill section of the town. In this chapter the observation is made that "Boston goes to sleep early, and Beacon Hill goes even earlier than does the rest of the city. And, the people once in bed, it takes a good deal to rouse them." But present-day Boston is not so puritanical as the author would have us believe; the police-court records offer sad proof to the contrary. Mr. Shackleton finds Boston a woman's city; a less courteous writer might have designated it an old maid's city. A few outlying towns of historic note are favored with more than brief mention; in fact, the reader is invited as far afield as Salem and Plymouth and Provincetown. Good photogravures and drawings, with a colored frontispiece, enrich and embellish the book.

NOTES FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The Editors will be pleased to answer inquiries or to render to readers such services as are possible.

Many rare works on the history of the Catholic church in America figured among the seven hundred and fifty odd books composing the library of the late Charles G. Herberman, when it was sold at the Anderson Galleries, New York City, February 19 and 20. Their owner was professor of the Latin Language and Literature in the College of the City of New York and Editor-in-Chief of the Catholic Encyclopedia. Professor Herberman's bookshelves reflected his scholarly interests in old and modern editions of the classical authors, in a profusion of philological and historical literature by no means confined to the records of Greece and Rome, and in capital works on ancient and modern art. He did not permit a brave array of the well-known works of Crutwell, Drumann, Duchesne, Friedländer, Grote, Lanciani, Dean Merivale, Mommsen, Perrot, Chipiez, and Sandys to exclude a facsimile edition of the purple gospels of Rossano, the "Confessions" of Saint Augustine, Leon Gautier's fine bilingual edition of the "Chanson de Roland," which was printed at Tours when King William, Bismarck, and General Moltke were spreading themselves in the Royal Palace of Versailles, the "Despatches" of Hernando Cortés to Emperor Charles V on his adventures in Mexico, or that gifted highwayman Roger O'Connor's "Chronicles of Erin." If W. H. Mallock's polished version of passages on life and death from Lucretius, in the metre of FitzGerald's Omar Khayyam, happened to shock an orthodox collaborator (although Mallock was always a Catholic of the Catholics), Herberman was able to hand him a facsimile of the "De imitatione Christi" in the handwriting of Thomas à Kempis himself. A second edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, 12mo (London, 1674), was formerly owned by the Lenox Library, whose "Duplicate" stamp appears on the verso of its title-page. A first edition of Dr. Johnson's immortal "Dictionary" (London, 1755), contains curious definitions which he suppressed in the later editions. Jaffe's "Regesta Pontificum Romanorum" runs from St. Peter to A. D. 1198, while Thomas Hughes's "History of the Society of Jesus in North America" (Cleveland, 1908) covers the Colonial and Federal periods. Other volumes that betrayed the breadth of Herberman's erudition were a Spanish account of the Philippine Archipelago by a number of Jesuit fathers, the English version by John Adams of Ulloa's famous voyage to South America (London, 1807), Francis Parkman's "The Old Régime in Canada" (Boston, 1885), and Fitzgerald's "Highest Andes" (London, 1899). How many of us remember Ulloa's discovery of platinum?

A black-letter edition of Pliny's "Natural History" in Italian, 288 leaves folio instead of 294, Piero (Venice, 1481), and Tarsia's Italian translation of Ruy Lopez, with woodcuts (Venice, 1584), bring us back to fine specimens of early printing.

The first half of the Herberman library, ending at Ireland, brought \$1152.50. Conspicuous bidders and prices were as follows: The Metropol-

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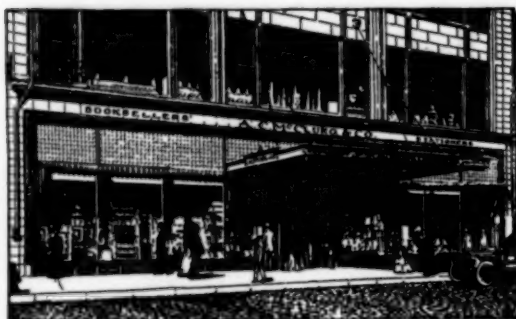
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Inscribed books by nineteenth century authors—Part IV of the library of James Carleton Young of Minneapolis—are to be sold in three sessions March 12 and 13 at the Anderson Galleries, New York. There are 813 lots to be disposed of and the autographs range from that of Prudhomme to that—in English—of Natsume.

The executors of the estate of the late Samuel H. Austin of Philadelphia have directed that his collections of arms, Oriental objects, autograph manuscripts, illustrated books, and rare first editions be placed on sale at the auction rooms of the American Art Association in the near future. The arms collection numbers nearly four hundred specimens, all in prime condition. The library is rich in first editions of standard nineteenth century English authors. The most notable of the Dickens group is a first edition of the "Pickwick Papers" in the original detached numbers, as issued. Mr. Eckel, the author of the Dickens bibliography, ranks it as the most perfect copy he has met. Other works by Dickens are also largely in the original numbers. Under Thackeray, the first edition of "Vanity Fair" in numbers is accompanied by two of the original drawings made by the author for that novel, and there is a miscellany of written autograph material by the great novelist. The thirteen-page manuscript of a play founded on the story of Mary Anceel is attributed to 1840 or thereabouts.

John B. Gough, the temperance lecturer, formed a close friendship with George Cruikshank, who presented Gough with quantities of his illustration plates and volumes, and with over two hundred original drawings. Sixteen of these are inserted in Combe's "Life of Napoleon." There is an Ireland's "Life of Napoleon," the first volume that Cruikshank illustrated, with 100 plates of extra-illustration inserted. "German Popular Stories" by the Brothers Grimm, with Cruikshank's pictures (1823-26), is a bibliophile's copy. Cruikshank is indeed the *pièce de résistance* of the projected sale, in which 4200 examples of his workmanship will change hands.

The auction is billed for mid-April, and a catalogue is in preparation.

NOTES AND NEWS.

A March publication of Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. is "Treasure," by Gertrude S. Matthews, which is described as "a hybrid between travel and novel."

Mr. Laurence J. Gomme announces that the price of Braithwaite's "Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1916" has been raised from \$1.50 to \$1.75.

The "Manual for Girls" and the "Manual for Boys" have been issued recently by Messrs. Doubleday Page & Co. for the Woodcraft League of America.

The best of the work of the late Luther D. Bradley, cartoonist for the last seventeen years on the "Chicago Daily News," has been issued in an attractive book by the Rand McNally Co.

The American-Scandinavian Foundation announces a gift of three thousand dollars from Mr. Charles S. Peterson of Chicago to guarantee the publication of the "Scandinavian Classics" for 1917-18.

"The Immigrant and the Community," by Grace Abbott, is announced for early publication by the Century Co. Miss Abbott is a resident of Hull House and a director of the Immigrants' Protective League.

Volume 1 of "A Short History of Rome," by Guglielmo Ferrero and Corrado Barbagallo, is to be published in April by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. The translation from the Italian is by George Chrystal.

The story of the remarkable weaver girl, Mary Slessor, is told in "The White Queen of Okoyong," just published by the George H. Doran Co. A new edition of an earlier book, "Mary Slessor of Calabar," was brought out at the same time.

"The Little Book Publisher" announces "Winning Out," by Charles H. Stewart, and "Brown-Eyed Susan," by Grace Irwin, as the first two publications of this new company, whose purpose is "to bring out a line of little books to sell for under a dollar—novels, poetry, religion, everything, in fact."

The Houghton Mifflin Co. will bring out the following fiction in March: "Pip," by Ian Hay; "The Phoenix," by Constance M. Warren; "Edith Bonham," by Mary Hallock Foote; "Nothing Matters," by Sir Herbert Tree; "The Road to Understanding," by Eleanor H. Porter, and "The Triflers," by Frederick Orin Bartlett.

Announcements for early spring publication by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons include: "The Celt and the World," by Shane Leslie; "The Amateur Philosopher," by Carl H. Grabo; "Original Narratives of the Northwest"; "The War, Madame," by Paul Gerdard, translated from the French by W. B. Blake, and "International Realities."

Recent publications of the Macmillan Co. include: "A Year of Costa Rican Natural History," by Amelia S. Calvert and Philip P. Calvert; "A Second Book of Operas," by Henry E. Krehbiel; "The New Poetry," by Harriet Monroe and Alice Corbin Henderson; "A Virginian Village," by E. S. Nadal.

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The Reminiscences of Lord O'Brien. By Hon. Georgina O'Brien. With frontispiece, 8vo, 194 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$2.50.

The Human Drift. By Jack London. With frontispiece, 12mo, 184 pages. Macmillan. \$1.25.

A Virginian Village. By E. S. Nadal. 12mo, 277 pages. Macmillan. \$1.75.

The Brontës and their Circle. By Clement Shorter. The Wayfarers' Library. With frontispiece, 16mo, 476 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cts.

Masters of Space. By Walter Kellogg Towers. With frontispiece, 12mo, 301 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.

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